SATURDAY NIGHT

INFLATION CONTROL: OTTAWA HOT POTATO

by Peter Inglis

SEPT. 25, 1951 VOL. 66, NO. 51

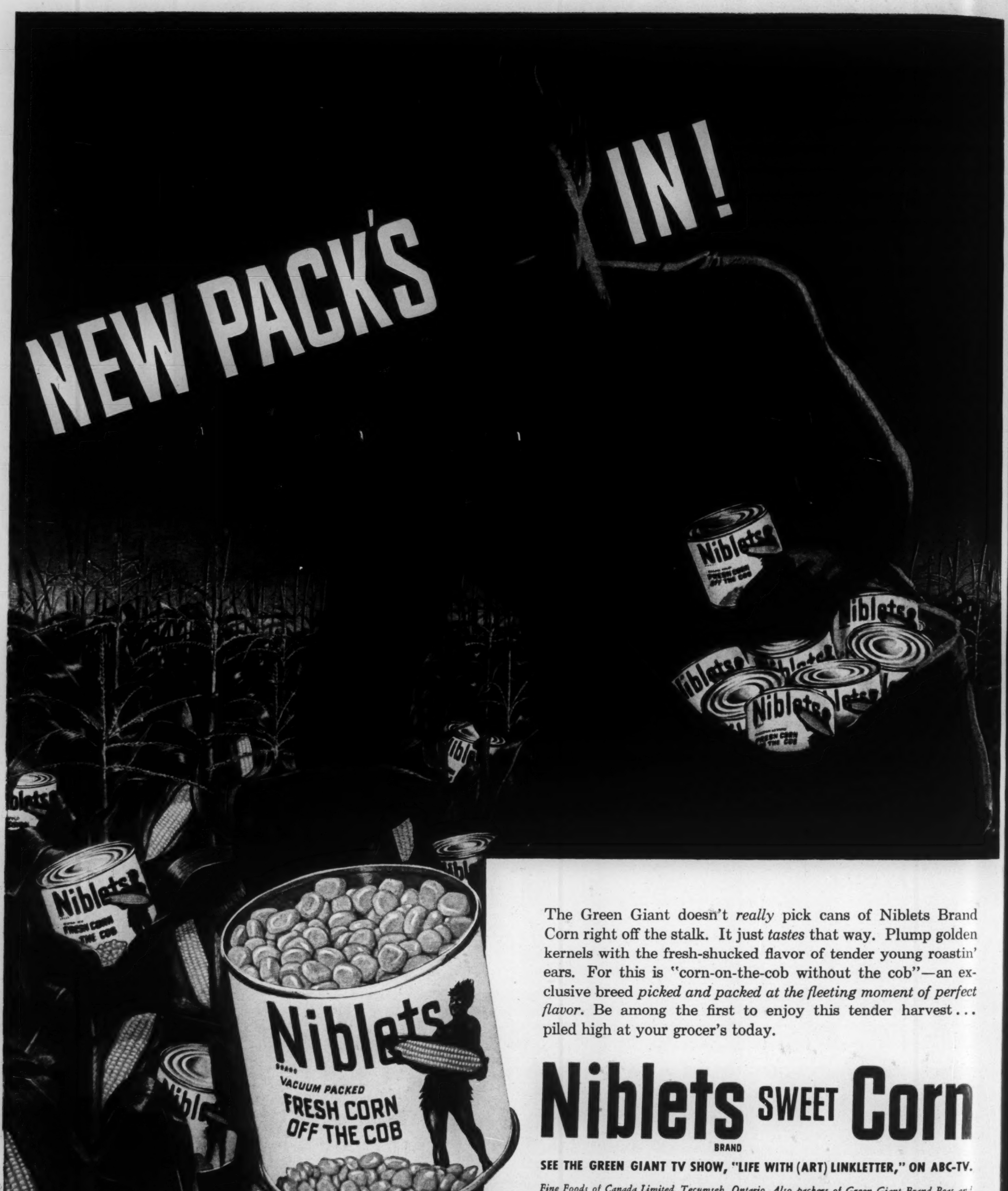
—© Karsh

BRITAIN'S BEVAN: Will he lose the election, win the party? See Page 8.

10c

The Job of Teaching the Dead to Live — **Page 10**

Are Men Too Conceited to Dress Well? — **Page 22**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SATURDAY NIGHT

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BEHIND THE SCENES

COVER: ANEURIN BEVAN, who went into the pits at 12 and into Parliament at 32, seems prepared now to go into the wilderness with the Labor Party, if necessary, to have his way in Socialist doctrine. The strength of his challenge this month in the TUC Conference, where he was only outvoted two-to-one, and in the coming Labor Party Conference, will have a strong bearing on Prime Minister Attlee's decision whether or not to call an election this fall. Meanwhile, Bevan has been to see Tito, and written about it in the London *Standard*, causing the *Express* to remark that he seems to see in Tito the kind of man he would like to be, with the kind of powers he would like to have in Britain.—(C) *Photo by Karsh.*

NEXT WEEK—COVER AND FEATURE STORY: Our full-color picture of PRINCESS ELIZABETH is one of the finest that Karsh took on his command visit to Clarence House last month. It is a portrait of the Princess in royal robes, wearing the ermine that Canada's IODE gave her as a wedding present.

The cover is followed by three pages of pictures of the Edinburghs in a variety of human interest poses. The accompanying article by Alison Barnes, who is well known to SATURDAY NIGHT readers, most recently for her article on Princess Margaret, is an exclusive SN story.

Miss Barnes, writing from London, tells by means of anecdotes and examples how marriage has changed both the young royal partners. ELIZABETH, formerly intensely shy and not notable for her fashion consciousness, has blossomed forth under her husband's influence. PHILIP, the breezy, unconventional Navy officer, is handling his difficult responsibilities as consort of England's future sovereign with new firmness and finesse.

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OTTAWA VIEW

NATO HOPES

by Michael Barkway

A WEEK AGO in Paris I heard two remarks which have been running in my mind ever since.

One was made by a senior French official. "You know," he said, "the American and European points of view are getting farther and farther apart."

The other was from an experienced European journalist, who also knows the United States. "I understand very well," he said, "that the Americans hope to prevent war. But they are equally worried about winning it if it comes. For us in Europe there is no interest in winning a war. If I thought we could not prevent war, I would be a 'neutralist'. America might win a war: Europe could not win whatever happened."

Today, here in Ottawa, statesmen from America and Europe—and from Iceland in between — are trying to bridge the differences in their points of view. They are at it right now, downstairs in the crowded Railway Committee Room. Polished, courteous and unarmed guards from the three Canadian Services guard the entrances to their secret conclave. Nearly three hundred of them, from 12 countries, are packed into the room, the tables littered with top secret papers. What goes on there we can learn only from what they choose to tell us.

Their formal announcement — the final communiqué—will be published soon after you read this. Probably it will skirt the differences of view as neatly as did the opening speeches by MR. ST. LAURENT and MR. VAN ZEELAND. The thing to see is which way the emphasis is tipped: that may give some hint which way the argument went.

Europe-U.S. Divergence

In broad terms the divergence is between those who are most concerned with the military effort and those who are more worried by the economic and financial problems which rearmament aggravates. It is, again broadly, a divergence between Europe and the United States. Canada tries (as LESTER PEARSON did in his first statement) to keep the balance even. If our Government seems to put more stress on the economic problems, it is for two reasons: (1) there is no fear of the military problem being overlooked: the Americans and the soldiers will see to that; (2) we have always held that NATO was much more than a military alliance and Ottawa wants to encourage every move towards cooperation in other fields.

The Americans wanted this meeting to put a new drive into the rearmament effort: they wanted to binge up the European (and probably the Canadian) defence effort. The Europeans (including this time the U.K.) wanted to find some means of easing the burden which rearmament is imposing on their economies, their budgets and their balance of payments. The French particularly were saying that it is no good building up a front wall of armaments, if that means opening the backdoor to the Communists through economic discontent and political discord.

When DEAN ACHESON arrived on Saturday morning, with Secretary of the Treasury SNYDER and Secretary of the Army FRANK PAGE, he had already heard the financial and economic problem in forceful terms from HUGH GAITSKELL of the U.K. and RENE MAYER of France. His opening speech to the private meeting was in extremely general terms.

Reconciling Two Sides

The divergence of view is serious. It must be reconciled. Yet it shouldn't be exaggerated. Both sides know that both sides are right. The Americans know that Europe cannot be pushed into a defence program beyond its political and economic strength. The Europeans know that if Russian aggression is to be prevented Western arms have got to be strengthened quickly. Everybody also knows that the U.S. Government cannot, even if it would, start promising an immense increase in aid. Congress controls the cornucopia.

A clear-cut, black-and-white decision does not therefore seem possible at this meeting. The best thing to hope for is that both sides, understanding each other's point of view better, will be better able to assess future needs. And nothing would be more encouraging to Europe than some sort of American commitment to establish a definite and regular program of purchases there. The communiqué may give us a hint whether anything of the sort has been agreed.

One thing has to be agreed, and in cold hard financial terms — whether the communiqué admits it or not. That is, who is going to pay for all the air bases and communications and other military installations in Europe—in NATO jargon, the infra-structure.

Reds and Red Coats

The most impressive part of the formal opening was entirely unintentional. On the beautiful terrace in front of the Peace Tower, under a bright clear sun, a small crowd had collected to watch the delegates arrive. On the steps under the arch stood an imposing Guard of Honor which presented arms to the visiting ministers. Flags of the NATO countries flew on either side. The Mounties in their red coats showed their usual flair for looking decorative and unobtrusive at the same time.

In this dignified and lovely setting 40 or 50 men and women occupied the wide terrace under the Tower. They carried Communist banners: they chanted Communist parrot-cries. They paraded round and round in a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

CAPITAL COMMENT

A Townshend Plan for Canada

by **Wilfrid Eggleston**

A CALIFORNIAN who has been visiting Prince Edward Island read my somewhat slighting reference to the Townshend Plan, and then wrote to straighten me out. Relying on my memory, I had said that the Townshend Plan called for a payment of $200 per month, and mildly (as I thought) commented that it took a heap of money to pay that kind of pension.

If I can trust my Columbia Encyclopaedia, the original Townshend Plan did suggest "the payment of a pension of $200 a month to all U.S. citizens (not habitual criminals) 60 years old or older and not working for pay (but including persons with private incomes) with the stipulation that the $200 be spent in the United States within a month after receipt."

"Admirable Advice"

The lady who wrote me said that my very mention of the $200 showed that I knew nothing about Dr. Townshend's plan. She gave me figures to show that the current payment would be $150 a month, and backed it up with some clippings from the *Townshend National Weekly*. She concluded her letter with what I think is admirable advice to pass along to my fellow journalists:

"I would advise you before making comments on something you know nothing about, as your article indicates, you'd better not write them."

My earlier comment had consisted of no more than part of a sentence. However, thus admonished, I carefully studied my correspondent's letter; I have also read the clippings from the *Townshend National Weekly*. For good measure I have done a bit of research and calculation on the Canadian pension problem.

The letter advises me that the Townshend followers "would put a three per cent gross income tax on everyone whose income was over $3,000 a year." The first $3,000, in other words, would be exempt from the three per cent tax. "The annuitant would have pro-rated what the tax would bring."

No Measly $40

"Under the Townshend plan," she continues, after a discussion of what the $40 a month next January will mean to Canadian business turnover, "your Government could pay $100 instead of the measly $40 you will give in January."

The lady from California attaches much importance to the compulsory spending feature. The $150 a month will be a *revolving* fund, she says. "Every business man knows that it is the turnover of his money that increases his profit. We believe that (with) that turnover, the Government would not be out one penny, and everyone spending his entire annuity would make more business for the merchant, middleman and producer."

I have no doubt the lady does believe that. Whether the Government would be out "one penny" or not I don't know, but I suspect it would be us, the taxpayers, rather than the Government, that would lose the penny if anyone is going to be out.

For Abbott to Look

A signed article by Dr. Francis E. Townshend, sent with the letter, confirms the lady's figures: a three per cent tax, exempting the first $250 a month of income will, the Doctor says, "enable the Government to pay every American citizen, at the age of 60, whether he needed it or not, a pension geared to the cost of living index—at this time, about $150 a month."

Hon. Douglas Abbott might look into this. If a gross tax of only 3 per cent, with the generous exemption noted above, would give every Canadian at 60 even a hundred dollars a month, we have been missing a good bet.

The trouble with these pipe-dreams is that they fail to survive a few crude calculations. The joint committee of the Senate and the House of Commons, last year, conducted an exhaustive examination of old age security, and among their calculations was one which estimated how much it would cost to pay $100 a month to every Canadian at sixty. They worked it out for 1951, 1961 and 1971, as follows:

1951	$1,958,280,000
1961	2,363,640,000
1971	2,840,280,000

Beyond the Experts

The next question is, would a three per cent income tax on all incomes, with an exemption of the first $250 a month, meet that bill?

I suspect it wouldn't. Far from it. My arithmetic is not equal to calculating exactly what such a tax would yield. But I know that the 1950-51 personal income tax, starting at 15 per cent and going up to 80 per cent in the top brackets, brought in about $652 millions last year. How to raise an additional $2 billions from the same tax is, I suspect, beyond even the most ingenious (and most heartless) of Douglas Abbott's experts.

Possibly the moral is that supporters of Dr. Townshend shouldn't prod reporters into too minute an examination of the plan.

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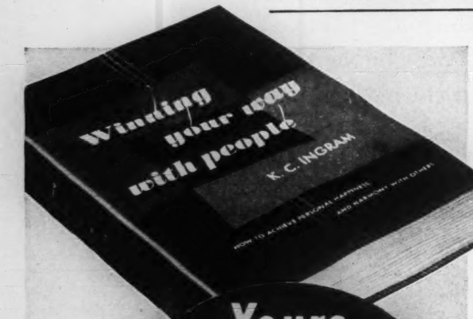
■ GRANT STRAFE, Edmonton lawyer well known to local audiences, has joined the Canadian National Ballet Company under Celia Franca, ex-Sadler's Wells ballerina. He will take part in dramatic ballets to be presented in Toronto and throughout southern Ontario this winter when several modern ballets by Canadian choreographers will be performed.

—CP
MARY LAURA WOOD: From NB to Norway.

■ Her first movie role took 26-year-old MARY LAURA WOOD of Sackville, NB, from London's West End to Norway and Sweden. The film, soon to be released in Canada, is "Valley of the Eagles". Miss Wood has been in England since 1946, playing in such plays as "Death of a Salesman", "Deep Are the Roots" (she took over the lead from Hollywood's Betsy Drake). She was also understudy to Vivien Leigh in "A Streetcar Named Desire". She is married to Canadian actor Ronan O'Casey (29), who is in England in the long-running "Kiss Me Kate".

■ CHARLOTTE WHITTON, welfare worker, member of Ottawa's Board of Control and the city's Acting Mayor, showed additional versatility last week. She kicked off to start the season for a local football league. The 15-yard kick was commendable as was her footwear for the occasion—gaily striped socks and track shoes. Early next month a more formal duty will present itself. Acting Mayor Whitton will be Ottawa's chief greeter when Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh visit the capital.

—CP
CHARLOTTE WHITTON: More versatility.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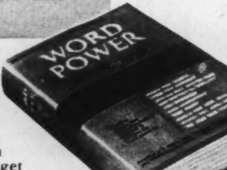

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Here, at last, is a guide to handling people successfully. Prepared by K. C. Ingram, assistant to the President of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and for many years a feature editor for the Associated Press, it reveals the psychology of making people *listen* to you, *think well* of you, *agree* with you and *remember* you. In simple language, it explains how to gain poise and confidence, how to put your ideas across, how to think on your feet, how to make better speeches, write more compelling letters, increase your selling efficiency. Dr. Henry C. Link, Vice-President of The Psychological Corporation, says of it: "Management will want to put this book into the hands of every supervisor and salesman, both because it is highly readable and because it is highly practical."

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EDITORIALS

Our Gates Are Open —After Thirty Years

ANYONE who has been travelling around this country much during the last three or four years must have gained something of the feeling that Canada is "bustin' out all over." We flew the other day from Toronto to Quebec City, to welcome some refugee-immigrants. As the plane passed over Toronto and Montreal, it seemed that new housing developments, new suburbs and satellite towns were sprouting everywhere. Had we passed over Quebec City the impression would have been further strengthened, for this ancient town has burst out from the rocky citadel and is spreading all over the countryside.

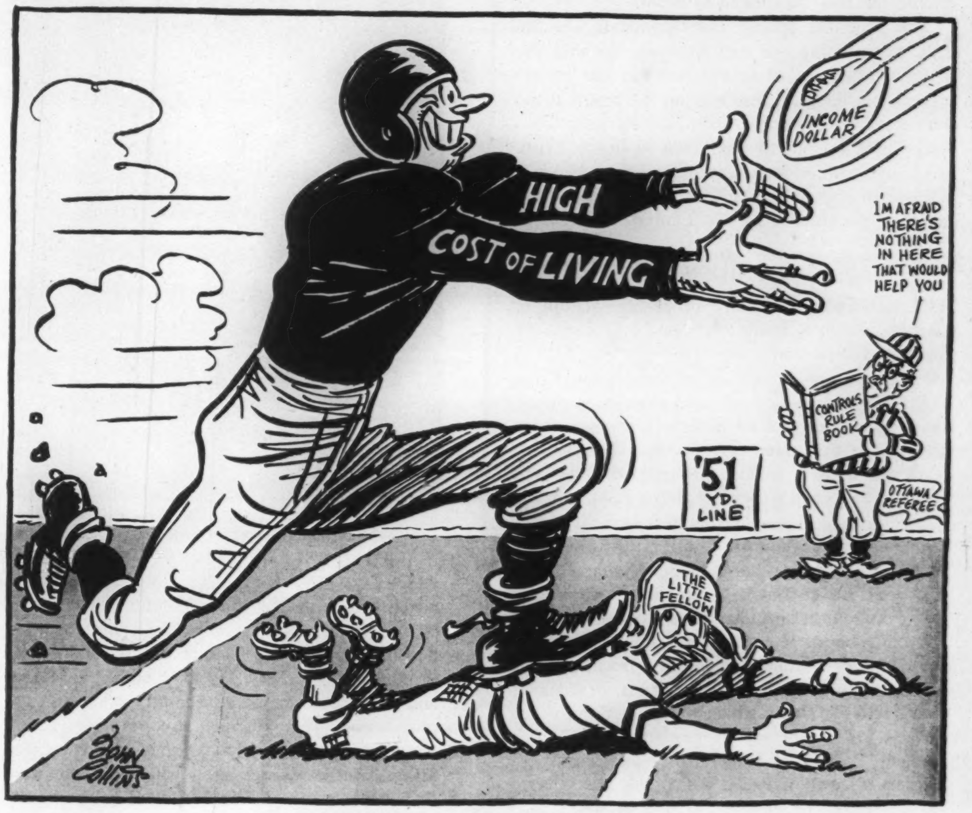
In Quebec City, down at Wolfe's Cove, we found a converted Liberty Ship disgorging a thousand new citizens into the vast, empty pier-shed built years ago for the *Empress of Britain's* tourist trade. We think that the two are connected: the bursting at the seams of our cities and the inpouring of immigrants. The fact is that this country has at last burst the bonds of caution which were wrapped on after World War I and which muffled it for two full decades—which may only by coincidence have been the Mackenzie King era. Canada has a tremendous head of steam up; for comparison one would have to look back to the period around 1912. We are pressing out our mining and industrial frontiers now as we were pushing out our farming frontiers in those days. Great projects for oil and iron, for steel, aluminum and uranium development are in hand, and we believe that the country wants to tackle the St. Lawrence Seaway on its own, if the U.S. Congress wants it that way.

We need new hands, new heads and new hearts to help carry out these projects. And the problem seems to be recognized as quite simply that, as it was in the days of spontaneous expansion before the era of caution.

There were many times through the Lost Decades when we asked ourselves how a young, vigorous country, which by common consent at home and abroad had its future before it, could have been so suddenly overcome by caution. However that may be, it is becoming more and more evident that that miasma has been dispelled like a morning mist. A vigorous confidence dominates the country once again, which causes it to look on new immigrants quite naturally as needed helping hands. If there are some who fear that immigration may become an unchecked flood, we hasten to put the thing in proportion. Forty years ago Canada took in immigrants at the rate of a thousand a day. Today a nation twice as large and many times as strong is taking in just half that number.

Anthem Instead of Song

THE Lord Mayor of London flanked by his attendants in their full robes and chains of office started to rise as the band struck up "O Canada." No one else moved. The trio looked around. In the grand stand at the Canadian National Exhibition 25,000 people clung to their seats while the song, which except for official recognition is Canada's anthem, was played.



INTERCEPTED PASS

The incident only points up the need for coming to a decision about the status of "O Canada." Wherever Canada is represented abroad, the song has for some time been the official anthem. In most parts of Canada audiences automatically rise when it is played. In many parts of the country audiences even know the words of the song. There is no other song which takes its place and no likelihood of one being written and accepted in the near future.

The majority of Canadians have accepted "O Canada" as an anthem which meets bilingual requirements. Let us have official acceptance.

Hiding The Fathers

THE *Fathers of Confederation*, Canada's best-known historic painting, has been covered in Ottawa for the NATO meeting because it lacked color. Delegates, listening to speeches in languages they do not understand, must have bright pictures to attract their attention. The distinguished international visitors would hardly share our sentimental interest in this picture of our founding fathers. The Ottawa Government should take a greater interest in honoring the men whose collective action made our country possible.

SN by Saturday Night

PRODUCTION changes now underway will mean a delay of a few days in the delivery of the next issue of SATURDAY NIGHT. Once the changes are made, however, SATURDAY NIGHT will be delivered across Canada by Saturday night and the dateline of each issue will be Saturday instead of Tuesday as at present.

The original *Fathers of Confederation* was destroyed in the 1916 fire and ever since Ottawa has been content to use Robert Harris' charcoal sketch as its only representation of the historic painting. Now Ottawa is so ashamed of the sketch that the National Gallery was asked to provide any painting in color large enough to put over the picture that every Canadian school child knows.

Surely since 1916 there has been plenty of time to commission an outstanding artist to recreate the Harris original. Harris was one of Canada's great painters and there are enough of his works available to provide all the guidance needed to copy his fine sense of pigment. His own charcoal sketch provides guidance for the solidity of modelling which made him famous.

Our present heavy emphasis of the dramatic national-landscape school has led to neglecting the historical merit of artists who did so much to establish an indigenous Canadian art.

Visiting Broadcasters

"FOREIGN news agencies within the Argentine Republic should preferably be staffed by native personnel" said President Peron to the Argentine national press congress last week, thereby taking exactly the same stand as the Canadian newspaper editors—and writers of letters to newspapers—who have been vociferously arguing that the BBC should not send its own broadcasters to Canada for the royal tour but should leave it to be covered for Britain by Canadian broadcasters.

How this extraordinary idea was ever conceived in the minds of people living in a free country we cannot imagine. No Canadian, surely, would dream of suggesting that British newspapers should not send their own correspondents to follow the royal travellers, but should leave that task to Canadian press representatives. Why then should the idea be applied to radio?

The need for special correspondents for the BBC has nothing—or very little—to do with the alleged difference of accent between our broadcasters and theirs. It results from the fact that the broadcasters of any country, like its journalists, know how to talk to their own audience better than any outsider. How would Canadians like it if the British objected to the CBC sending Canadians to cover the visits of Mr. St. Laurent to England?

Century of Stamps

THE hundred-year history of postage stamps in Canada, which is being celebrated in Toronto by an international stamp show (the first ever held in the Commonwealth outside of the United Kingdom), covers a period of rapid changes in public thinking, and quite a lot of light is shed on these changes by the stamps themselves. Their history is recorded in a volume just published by the Ryerson Press and written by Ralph S. Mason, for many years the philatelic columnist of the Toronto *Globe* and *Globe and Mail.*

"A Hundred Years of Canadian Stamps" ($4) is a book which should interest many Canadians even among those who have not succumbed to the collecting habit. It contains reproductions of all the stamps ever issued by any government of Canada or of any colony now forming part of Canada, along with one stamp which was printed but never issued—the 5-cent stamp prepared by Charles Connell, Postmaster General of New Brunswick, bearing his own likeness, which the NB government refused to approve. There is also much descriptive material on the designs and their variations.

Canada appears to have had about 266 postage stamps. The French language made its first appearance on them in the Quebec Tercentenary issue of 1908, which was also the first issue with pictures replacing portraits. (The 1898 imperial penny postage issue had a Mercator's map of the world.) Prior to that all Canadian stamps had borne a portrait of a member of the royal family, except for the famous symbolic beaver stamp of the first issue and one with a portrait of Jacques Cartier. But in 1908 French was used only for the titles of the pictures, and it was not until 1927, for the sixtieth anniversary of Confederation, that the business part of the stamp became bilingual, with "Postes—Post", which was later changed to the present "Postes—Postage". In the first copies of the 1950 issue both these words were omitted and there was no lettering except "Canada" and the denomination, but the plates were hastily revised, although the unrevised set was placed on sale while the revision was being made.

The New Primate

SELECTION of its ranking prelates has never been a particularly easy task for the Church of England in Canada. In a communion which tolerantly permits a considerable range in its ecclesiastical observances, if not in its beliefs, difficulties have always existed in the choice of overall guidance. The Church, therefore, has universal cause for satisfaction in the good-will and wisdom shown in the selection of its new Primate, the Most Reverend Walter Foster Barfoot, former Bishop of Edmonton.

Problems lie ahead these days for all churches and to his new high post the Primate of All Canada brings gifts of heart, mind and experience which will be helpful toward solution. The career of the Ontario-born Archbishop ranges from a decorated, front-line soldier of World War I through foreign service to his Church in Malaya and brilliant academic service as teacher and administrator. This administrative experience will be of the greatest value in the conduct of the affairs of the Church as a whole, but the new Primate is also a man to be well aware of the necessity of building from the sure foundation of many healthy smaller parishes throughout Canada.

—Rapid Grip & Batten

ARCHBISHOP BARFOOT

Questions of the advisability of changing the formal name of the Church of England in Canada to effect a more domestic connotation and of the progress of talks concerning union with the United Church of Canada are among those awaiting decision. To both Archbishop Barfoot has expressed sympathetic consideration, but he is at the same time fully aware of the necessity of mature discussion to ensure permanently satisfactory solutions.

The beauty and solemnity of the installation ceremonies in Christ Church Cathedral in Victoria lent brilliance to the beginning of the new high episcopacy. This, it is to be hoped, augurs a new and fruitful period in the long history of the Church and of the Christian faith.

PASSING SHOW

"THEN there were the two union members who enjoyed going out Saturday night for a good time and a half," says the *Vancouver Province.* And that was all right until a new union agreement two-timed them.

The U.S. and Canada are said to be in "a breathing spell" in regard to inflation. And what we breathe will be puffed into the inflation balloon when the spell is over.

We are no Old Etonian, but this business about the Duke of Wellington never saying that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton is getting us down. Soon we shall be told that Queen Victoria was not not amused.

The *Montreal Star* notes that the symbol for the National Congress party in India, where most of the voters can't read, is "two bullocks yolked together." The *Star* knows more about egg-raising than about plowing.

Lucy says she thinks it's a silly idea to raise the price of gold for artificial teeth, which one can get, and not raise it for making gold coins, which one can't get.

Trade by Volume

THE *Globe and Mail,* we now learn with considerable relief, does not really want to learn the volume of Canada's imports and export in any total mass, as we were afraid it did, and readily admits that diamonds, coal and Scotch whiskey cannot be added together in anything but dollars. It only wants the volume of coal imports, by themselves, in tons, the volume of Scotch imports, by themselves, in gallons, and so on.

But the reason why it never occurred to us that the *Globe and Mail* could possibly be complaining about the lack of this information, about the tonnage of coal and the gallonage of whiskey, is that it is already available and always has been. "Suppose we are told", says the paper, "that in one year we sold $551 million worth (of newsprint) to the U.S., and the next year $568 million worth. This suggests that there has been an increase in newsprint exports. But if the first figure represents 5.2 million tons at $106 a ton, and the second 4.9 million tons at $116 a ton, it is clear that there has not been an increase at all."

But the monthly trade report of the Department of Trade and Commerce always gives the number of tons of newsprint exported, as well as their value. It is true that the figure is likely to be a couple of months old by the time it reaches the public, but surely that is not an unreasonable delay for a statistic of such magnitude and complexity. And anyhow the *Globe and Mail* was not complaining of delay, it was complaining of inability to get the figures at all.

We have been examining a sample page of the May imports report, which contains quite a lot of "volume" statistical information. In that month, for example, Canada imported 163 pure-bred cattle, value $145,020; 16 pure-bred dogs, value $1,608; one rabbit, breed not stated, value $25. But we have to admit that there are cases where the volume is not given, and it may be these of which the *Globe and Mail* is complaining. We imported $255,356 worth of bees, but apparently nobody counted them; $557 worth of leeches, but their number is left blank; $1,223 worth of turtles, but no word of their number, poundage, length in feet or other measurement; and finally $656 worth of "ivory and manufactures of ivory", but no statement as to the piano keys, artificial teeth and other objects comprised in the shipments. Maybe the Department of Trade and Commerce should at least install a bee-counter at every port of entry.

The Atlantic Council

WE ARE very glad that the first meeting of the Atlantic Council to be held in Ottawa should also have been the first meeting at which military affairs took second place. Not because military affairs are not vital, but because they are only part of the problem of the Western alliance—and it is the other parts that are in danger of being neglected.

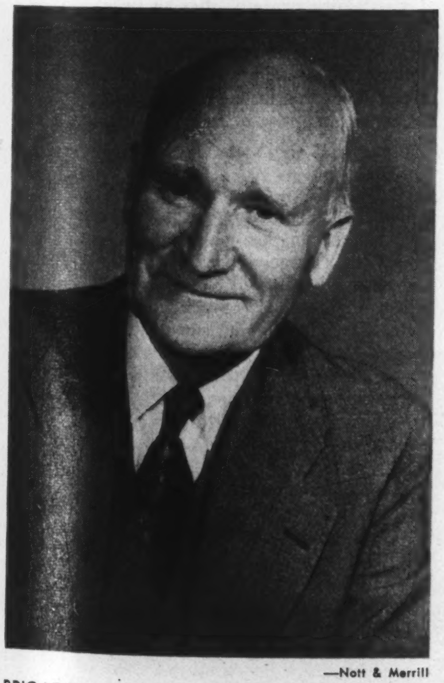
The published results of the Council meetings, such as they are, must await analysis next week; but we feel no doubt that the most important thing done at Ottawa this week was the discussion — inconclusive as it was bound to be—about a more equitable sharing of the defence burden. The so-called "burden-sharing exercise" had been occupying a corps of very able experts from all the NATO countries all summer. The Canadian representatives, J. F. Parkinson and Louis Couillard, played a full part in the studies conducted in Paris by the Financial and Economic Board of NATO.

The FEB report, presented to the ministers at Ottawa, showed two things plainly. It showed, first, that a country's defence burden cannot be measured merely by the proportion of its national income devoted to defence. This, which is after all obvious enough, largely modifies the impression, which is almost universal in the United States and very prevalent in Canada, that the United States is carrying much more than its fair share of the defence load. The report also showed that the defence effort is affecting the standard of living in different countries in very unequal degrees. And it indicated that it is not impossible economically, whatever it may be politically, to find a basis of comparison which would be fair.

We are thus approaching a conception which is revolutionary, and which should be immensely encouraging to men of good will everywhere. An attempt to share the common defence burden equitably among the Western nations might mean more to the future of the free world than any purely military measures can ever mean.

But if progress is to be made on the line of advance thus sketchily adumbrated at Ottawa, two things are necessary. The first is that the Western Governments shall realize the immense popular appeal of an effort to extend the democratic ideal of social justice across national boundaries. The second, which probably depends on the first, is that people of every country — and not least of the United States and Canada, who are as generous as people anywhere—shall be fully informed about what their fellows are doing and suffering.

We shall get nowhere with the smug assurances which Canadians have heard so often from Parliament Hill and which Americans are constantly fed from Capitol Hill. The free world, we are told again and again, lacks a dynamic philosophy to oppose Communism. Here, in the conception of shared burdens, is something capable of inspiring both those who might benefit and those who might pay. Let us hope that political leaders will see it.



—Nott & Merrill

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOHN ARTHUR CLARKE, Vancouver lawyer, who has been elected president of the Canadian Bar Association. Graduate of Osgoode Hall, a former Member of Parliament, Gen. Clarke has had a distinguished legal career.

Laura Secord's Birthday

by B. K. Sandwell

SEPTEMBER 13 is officially treated as the birthday of Laura Secord, and while I have not consulted the records I imagine that there is contemporary evidence for that date. I took advantage of the celebration to ask some of my teen-age and twenty-age friends what they knew and what they thought about the Heroine of the Niagara Peninsula; and I was a little surprised to find several of them extremely dubious as to whether she ever existed. They apparently thought that she was something like Paul Bunyan or Rip Van Winkle (it is a rather sad commentary on our lack of imagination that Canada herself has no purely mythological figures except those provided for us by the Indians); whereas, while her cow has had to be sacrificed on the altar of historical veracity, her own personal authenticity is as secure as that of General Brock himself, or Madeline de Verchères, or even William Lyon Mackenzie King.

—Nakash

B. K. SANDWELL

This is one of the troubles about debunking; it always goes too far. We ought to have known that this would happen, when we started demanding that the history books should contain (1) nothing that could not be absolutely established by contemporary evidence, and (2) nothing that would remind the susceptible young student that there were times, long, long ago, when we did not wholly love the Americans and they did not wholly love us.

Historians Kill Cow

The first of these principles removed Laura's cow from our history books, although it was a most picturesque and corroborative detail. (The best version of it—there were several—was that it was fractious, that she pretended to be milking it, and that she edged it, or it edged her, nearer and nearer to a piece of woodland where the American sentries lost sight of them; so exactly what a good Canadian cow would do in the circumstances that only a history professor would question it.)

The second of these principles very nearly removed not only Laura but the whole War of 1812 so far as its North American operations were concerned. Fortunately it eventually became clear that you must have a date from which to count the years, decades and centuries of unbroken peace on the three-thousand-mile border, and that 1814 was the only possible one to work from. That implied that there was something prior to 1814 which was not peace; and thus the War of 1812 got back into our history. We now teach the kids that there was such a war, but that nobody really wanted it, nobody started it, and certainly nobody won it.

It is true that the authorized textbooks before the debunking period of the '20s went much too far. They accepted all the embellishments which always grow up around any history-making event in the period between the time when it is first discovered to have made history, and the time when criticism is brought to bear on the evidence about it.

There was exceptional opportunity for embellishment in Laura's case. She lived to an advanced age, dying 55 years after the great event of her life. She and her husband were during a good deal of that time applicants for one or another kind of government favor on account of the services which they had both rendered during the 1814 campaign. They procured two different certificates from Col. FitzGibbon, the officer to whom Laura conveyed the fateful intelligence, both of them considerably after the event, and differing in their estimate of the mileage which she covered. Amateur historians of the picturesque-at-all-costs school (which suffered no discredit in North America at the time when the Washington cherry-tree legend was regarded as sacred) got at her and encouraged her to remember details which she would hardly have clearly in mind without prompting, and then went away and embellished her details yet further.

Her Journey Unmapped

Nobody will ever know the exact course of her journey, or the exact amount of risk or apparent risk which it involved. It is unfortunate, but not in the least unnatural, that FitzGibbon did not mention her in his official report of the battle. It is still less unnatural that the Americans, who tried Col. Boerstler for his surrender, should have known nothing of the message conveyed to FitzGibbon; if they had, it would have been a strong point in Boerstler's defence.

As a matter of fact, considering the state of things on the border, the less that was said about the exploit while the war was still going on, the better it was for Laura.

What we do know is that FitzGibbon with a very small force, largely Indians, defeated and captured a large body of American troops on June 24, 1813; that this achievement had a great effect upon the subsequent progress of the war; that it was made possible by FitzGibbon's possession of information concerning the plans of the enemy, and his prompt action on the knowledge; that he himself testified on two occasions that this information was brought him by Laura Secord in circumstances which called for considerable exertion and daring; that she was then a slight woman of 38, whose husband had been wounded in an earlier battle, and that the home in which they lived was occupied by the enemy. That is surely enough to establish her as one of Canada's most notable heroines—a rank which our older citizens at least seem perfectly ready to accord her. (See the Ontario Historical Society's poll of a week or two ago.)

Anyhow the high-school history now in use in Ontario and other provinces, George W. Brown's "Building of the Canadian Nation", gives her due credit; and even the Canadian Encyclopedia of W. S. Wallace (who was her chief debunker) does the same. The Canadian Government has erected a monument to her, at Queenston, and so has the Ontario Historical Society at Lundy's Lane. The latter gives her birth-date as September 13, 1775.

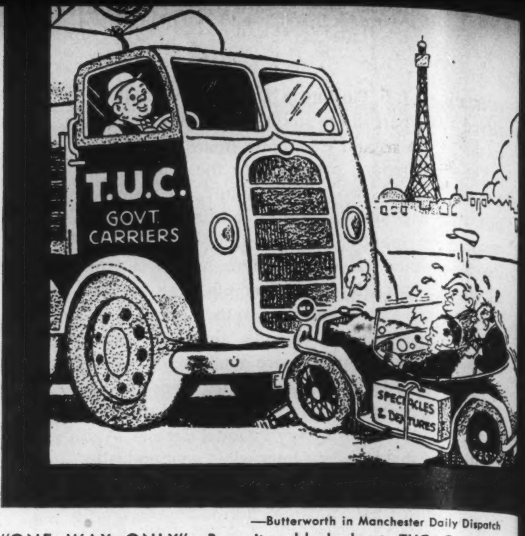
Birth Date Intriguing

I am a little intrigued by this date. Emma A. Currie in "The Story of Laura Secord" (St. Catharines edition, which is later than the monument) gives it as "December 1775", with no day named. But that may be because Laura's parents were married on February 28, 1775. Thomas Ingersoll was then 25 and his wife barely 17; and of course things were pretty disturbed in Massachusetts with the Revolution just around the corner.

LABOR'S REBEL LEADER

BEVAN HAS THE WILL — HAS HE A WAY?

by Andrew Boyle



—Butterworth in Manchester Daily Dispatch

"ONE WAY ONLY": Bevanites blocked at TUC Congress.

—Miller

London.

THE STRUGGLE for leadership within a modern political party, no matter what the color of its views, is rarely an edifying or dramatic spectacle. The machinery behind the scenes is usually too well oiled, the men at the controls too vigilant to let a political careerist play the Luddite in the engine room while the public looks on. For that reason, the activities of Aneurin Bevan as the arch rebel of British Socialism is both intriguing and enlightening.

Already burdened with many weighty problems, the Premier and his overworked Cabinet colleagues have not really had time to decide how best to deal with Mr. Bevan before the rot spreads. These are black days indeed for attempting to suppress a breakaway movement. Experts as well as Government spokesmen have begun to regale the public with gloomy forecasts of an exceptionally hard winter ahead. Even a strongly placed administration would need courage and unfaltering support to convince the country not only of the unavoidable need for a policy of further austerity but of the need to retain the present government to carry it out. But the weakened and tired administration of Mr. Attlee does not command the confidence of the British as a whole.

To many Britons, the prospect of an early trial of strength at the polls and the distinct likelihood of a Conservative victory are consoling and cheering. But it should not be imagined that five years on the Opposition benches will mean political oblivion for Aneurin Bevan. As politicians go, he is young and clever enough to bide his time in comparative patience. Moreover, as was proved during the recent war when his vitriolic attacks on Mr. Churchill were a constant feature of debates, he is a skirmisher who thrives on the fruits of opposition.

He possesses a keen analytical mind more used to pulling things down than putting them up; and just as his reputation for embittered, exaggerated but often brilliant criticism grew by leaps and bounds between 1939 and 1945—when Mr. Churchill called him "that architect of discord," so the number of Socialists he can convert by his untiring verbal assaults is sure to grow with a Conservative Government in power again.

There was nothing accidental in Bevan's rebellion so soon after the sensational dismissal of General MacArthur. The question whether the British public should go on receiving false teeth and spectacles free of charge may strike the trans-Atlantic onlooker as a somewhat farcical excuse for a fundamental showdown; but to Bevan a vital principle of Socialism was at stake.

Later, in his resignation speech, he deliberately chose a much more serious and controversial issue as the reason for his action. He attacked the United States for its stockpiling policy, and ascribed to it the growing world shortage of strategic materials. He went on to link this with a sustained attack on the size of the British rearmament drive, telling a largely unmoved House of Commons in tones of outraged martyrdom that "the very dramatic nature of a resignation may cause even some of our American friends to think before it is too late".

But all the time, however hard he tried to conceal it, his real argument was a piece of special pleading to keep the Welfare State services intact, at whatever cost to Western Defence, national security, good relations with allies, the feelings of the public, and the dictates of commonsense.

In point of fact, Bevan had reached the end of his tether well before the Budget. There is reason to believe that Bevan would have resigned earlier over General MacArthur's conduct of affairs in Korea, if President Truman had delayed in dismissing him. That was his intention, and that was a measure of this fiery Welsh demagogue's personal and somewhat parochial outlook on international affairs.

He would not have counted the cost in strained Anglo-American relations; his sole criterion would have been how far MacArthur's policy was at variance with his narrow and preconceived notions of maintaining peace so that his own vision of a "New Jerusalem" on the Socialist model could be blueprinted without disturbance. And all his arguments, then and since, have had the hollow ring of bold progressions from unwarranted doctrinaire assumptions to foregone doctrinaire conclusions.

THE SECRET of "Nye" Bevan's shortcomings as a politician and minister lie in his almost pathological preoccupation with domestic social questions. This is largely explained by his upbringing and early struggles.

The mining town of Tredegar, in the South Wales coalfield, was an unenviable place to be born in 1897. And the four-roomed house of the Bevan family was no palace for the thirteen children, five of whom died very young. Aneurin started work in the pit before his twelfth birthday. When, within a few years, his nerves and eyes were stricken by a disease all too common in mining communities at the time, nystagmus, he was given a job above ground. The leisure enabled him to indulge his natural taste for reading and politics. With great tenacity, he fought to overcome a stutter by speaking in public. Gradually, he discovered that platform oratory released him from his nervous impediment. He found that he could also carry an audience with him and thus harden his own convictions in the fire of rhetoric.

The young "Nye" Bevan had plenty to shout about in the low pay and dangerous working conditions of the miners. He was not interested in the war or in the patriotic slogans about fight-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

THE FOURTH REPUBLIC: THE SAME FRANCE

FRANCE IS KEY TO WESTERN DEFENCE

by **Michael Barkway**

Paris.

IN THE SPLENDID gold and mirrored *Salon de l'Horloge* in the *Quai d'Orsay* mansion of the French Foreign Minister, M. Robert Schuman held a press conference. It was at the beginning of this month before he left for San Francisco, Washington and Ottawa.

Everything was very serious and Schuman was very discreet. Then a young American girl, after several tries, got in a question from the back of the room. "I have the impression," she said, "that France is the key to Western defence. Am I right or wrong?"

There was a considerable pause before M. Schuman grasped the breathtaking naïveté of the question. Then he bowed towards his questioner and said: "Mademoiselle, we are flattered by your opinion."

The girl, of course, is right; and the French know it.

Neither American nor British nor German armies can defend Western Germany without the French base behind them. Neither the U.S. nor Britain nor Germany, nor all of them together, can raise enough land troops to be a deterrent without French divisions. Already the promised French contribution (ten divisions before the end of this year) is the backbone of General Eisenhower's projected army; and it will remain so.

WITHOUT France there is no effective NATO alliance. This is what I have been saying to myself over and over as I watched the miserable divisions and irresponsibilities of the French politicians all this long summer. The French National Assembly, as constituted under the Fourth Republic, makes the Canadian House of Commons look like a model of efficiency. Much of the division of powers between executive and legislative which bedevils American political life has been reproduced in this latest French constitution.

The Americans should perhaps be more sympathetic with the resulting difficulties than we should. But some of the constitutional provisions of this postwar Fourth Republic are so obviously unsatisfactory that even its supporters want to amend them. While the Communists on one flank and the Gaullists on the other want to scrap the whole thing and start over.

The French way is not to take these things with the high seriousness of tragedy. The devastating French wit always intervenes. The Fourth Republic, indeed, provides a paint manufacturer with one of the funniest posters in France. It shows three classic-looking figures marching off to the left and a fourth small one about to follow. And the slogan underneath says: "Republics come and go, but our paints *last*."

Seeing these things and listening to the Frenchman's indefeasible suspicion of all governments, it's easy to dismiss France as a country of incurable levity. You can very soon correct the impression by examining the balance sheet.

The postwar reconstruction has been very remarkable. Hydro capacity is 50 per cent higher than pre-war; railways and factories are restored; agricultural production is increased; bombed towns are being rebuilt. Production rises steadily. The ordinary Frenchman, peasant or worker, is working harder for smaller rewards than any of us in Canada.

IT IS TRUE that the reconstruction owes more than most Frenchmen realize to the Marshall Plan—though on a rapidly diminishing scale. It is true also that the universal bogey of inflation threatens France even more seriously than it threatens us. This is basically a country of small proprietors: millions of small farmers and winegrowers; millions of shopkeepers and tavernkeepers. These small proprietors don't take to controls; they won't fill in forms like the British. Frenchmen must be nursed back to prosperity and security: they can't be marched there.

Considering all this, the postwar Governments of France deserve more credit than they usually get for both the material and psychological renaissance of this country. In the last couple of years Frenchmen have started to regain their self-confidence. Things begin to seem possible again.

A symptom of the change was the editorial quarrel in the newspaper *Le Monde*. Contrary to a general impression, *Le Monde* is not an organ of the Government. It is owned by a group of people mostly of the wartime resistance. Under the editorship of M. Beuve-Méry, who is also a substantial shareholder, it provided—to say the least—a forum in which M. Gilson and others expounded the so-called *neutraliste* philosophy.

The *neutraliste* argument was never strong, but it echoed and gave some intellectual respectability to an underlying sentiment of isolationism. Today the only important thing about *neutralisme* is that it is discredited. Unless there is a last-minute change M. Beuve-Méry will give up the editorship of *Le Monde* this month: which will be a pity in a way because he has made it a most stimulating journal. But his departure will symbolize a change in French thinking which is altogether welcome.

There is no pretence now, in any non-Communist quarter, that France can avoid aligning herself with the U.S. and the rest of NATO. The Government's direction is plain: its problem is to know how far—politically and psychologically—it can add to the French financial and economic burden in the interests of defence.

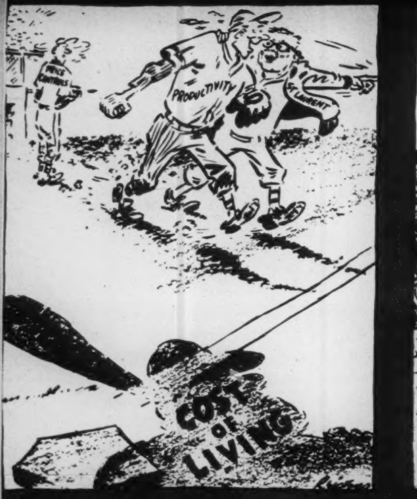
FRENCHMEN have never been enthusiastic taxpayers. The millions of self-employed individuals, keeping no books, might frustrate better taxgatherers than the French are. Each of the numerous small parties on which the Government depends has a soft spot for some section of the community. No general overhaul of the fiscal system is politically feasible in the present position of the Fourth Republic.

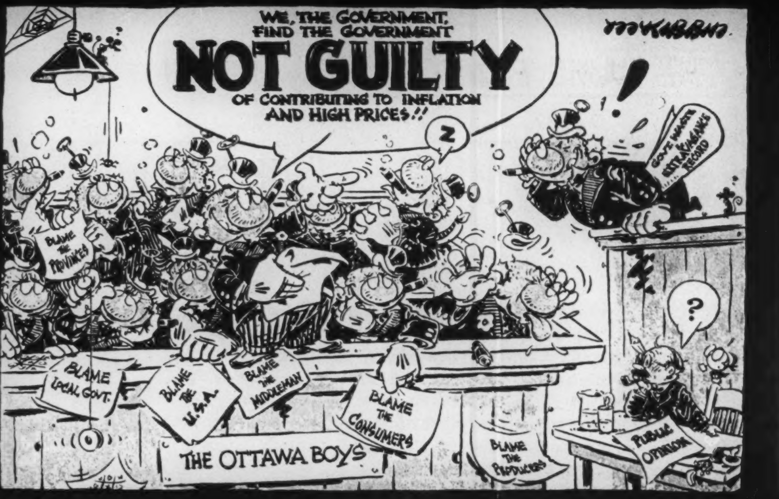
With the disproportionate load France is carrying in Indo-China (of which her allies are only too dimly aware), the French budget is seriously strained. The defence burden is, on any basis, fully comparable with the rest of the NATO allies. In practical political terms it cannot be increased. And on a basis of strict equity there is probably no reason why it should be.

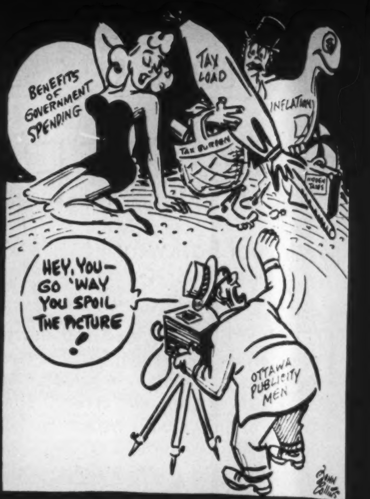
Nevertheless, this is at the moment the main French weakness in international affairs. The political balance is too delicate to give the Government much scope. The French people—individualistic as ever—are prepared to work hard, and are working hard, to maintain a standard of living which at the lower end is desperately low. They will support the defence effort up to a point. Beyond that point—whether they have justification or not—they are apt to say: "Let the rich Americans pay for their own defences."

So the American girl's naïve question to M. Robert Schuman is the nub of the matter. If France is the key to Western defence, we shall achieve little by rough words and hectoring admonitions from those of us who inevitably fall under the curse of being considered rich.

FRENCH FEEL STRAIN of military commitments. Besides own "Korea" in Indo-China, they must raise heavy new forces for Europe. Below: French troops in Vienna.
—French Information Service






BENEFITS OF GOVERNMENT SPENDING
TAX LOAD
INFLATION
TAX BURDEN
HEY, YOU— GO 'WAY YOU SPOIL THE PICTURE!
OTTAWA PUBLICITY MEN
John Collins

UP, UP AND OVER

INFLATION CONTROL: Ottawa Hot Potato

by Peter Inglis

INFLATION is a good deal like the common cold: everybody hates it; almost everybody has his own pet nostrum for treating it; nobody has yet found a real cure. Unlike the common cold, however, inflation is a violently political thing.

Opinion polls show that this summer the high cost of living became the biggest single worry in the Canadian public mind, demoting the threat of war—which last January was the chief concern of more than half the people polled—to a low second place.

A worry in the public mind can readily become an issue in the voter's mind. This was proved last June 25 when the Conservatives won four federal by-elections with a decisiveness which surprised even themselves. The Government agrees privately with what the Conservatives, the Ottawa experts and the man in the street have said publicly: in all four ridings it was a vote against the soaring cost of daily life and, not too indirectly, against the Government's policy toward that cost.

Political Courage

Since June, the Dominion Bureau of Statistics cost-of-living index has gone up another 4.8 points.

Therefore PM St. Laurent, Finance Minister Abbott and their colleagues can be credited with political courage in keeping persistently to their previous anti-inflationary policy.

At bottom, this policy is to try to get at the causes of inflation instead of treating the symptoms.

This is courageous because symptom-treating is as popular in the case of inflation as it is in the case of the common cold—and as widely advocated.

The PC's, in public at least, have said little more than: "Give us price controls, and cut some prices by reducing excise and sales taxes." Price controls, by themselves, are the purest form of symptom-treating—and a popular one with a public whose understanding of the workings of inflation is slight. Price reduction by tax reduction is a proposal which comes close to political dishonesty when the very purpose of the taxes is anti-inflationary.

The CCF has gone a bit farther than the Conservatives: it has demanded price controls, subsidies and "if necessary" rationing. As the British have found, however, the price control-subsidy-rationing chain does not end there; sooner or later it leads to complete control of the economy at every stage, all the way from restricting the amount of cloth in a pair of pants to freezing wages and compulsorily directing workers into unpopular jobs. This cure for inflation is akin to cutting off the patient's nose: the symptoms of the cold will vanish, but the patient will be a radically and permanently changed man. It is a cure, also, which most Canadians would only accept in time of all-out war.

What the Government is trying to do, if with dubious success, seems to be economically sounder than either the symptom-treating or the nose-amputating approach. It is trying to take the pressure from behind high prices by draining off money into additional taxes, by encouraging saving with attractive new bonds, and by making things such as automobiles and refrigerators, which are technically luxuries even if the public considers them necessities, hard to get with credit restrictions and excise taxes. Unfortunately, this policy is not dramatic and is hard to sell to the public.

Equally unfortunately, from the Government's point of view, inflation is a subject with a high emotional content. The widow with the small and fixed pension and the war veteran whose allowance has become a pittance in terms of real money—these are genuinely tragic cases and it is easy to use them as arguments for a quick-relief proposal such as price-controls.

There are other factors which make it hard for the Government to cling to its present policy, however sound the policy may be:

(1) The nature of the times: today's inflation is due in large part to the diversion of materials and manpower to rearmament; but it is only a time of half-war; half-war means half-peace; and in half-peace the national psychology is bound to cling to peacetime attitudes; therefore measures acceptable in wartime are resented;

(2) The public misunderstanding of the mechanics of inflation: in particular the failure to realize that the supply of goods will dry up if prices are controlled, unless the whole economy is controlled; that this means subsidies, allocation of materials and, eventually, allocation of labor; that subsidies must be paid for, and so must the cumbersome machinery without which a complete system of control cannot be set up; that therefore in the end there will be less real money, and therefore fewer goods, for each individual;

Incurable Trouble

(3) The widespread (and partly justified) mistrust of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics cost-of-living index, and therefore the popular suspicion that Canada's inflation is actually much worse than the figures show. The trouble with the index is probably incurable: it has to go back to a period of stable prices in order to have a standard of comparison that means anything; but since that period (1935-1939) living habits and buying patterns have changed; therefore the index is no longer properly keyed to an average way of life; therefore also it shows a dollar to be worth 52.9 cents of pre-war money. But is it?

Against this background there are two things the Government can do:

(a) Give in to the pressure for direct controls, fit them in with its indirect controls, and make the best of it; (b) cling to its present policy, with fingers crossed, in the hope that the cost of living will level off and the political pressure will ease.

At present, Ottawa seems committed to the latter course. In speeches a few days apart, Labor Minister Gregg and then Prime Minister St. Laurent have repeated the Government's determination to keep to indirect controls (with direct controls as a back-stop in case of a worse inflationary emergency).

As well as being politically courageous, this persistence is a gamble.

It is a gamble that the Sept. 1 cost-of-living index will show that prices have levelled off on the long-prophesied (and long-delayed) "plateau."

The Sept. 1 index will be published five or six days before the opening of Parliament's fall session on October 9. It, more than any other single thing, is likely to decide whether the pressure for price controls eases or becomes irresistible.

The Government is betting on the showing of the statistics which were published September 4.

One of these was the Aug. 1 cost-of-living index, up 1.3 points from the July figure which, in its turn, had been up 3.5 points from June. This 1.3-point increase was an indeterminate sort of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

MINISTER TO LEPERS

Teaching the Dead to Live

by Rev. **Albert Lachance**
as told to William Bantey

SEVEN HUNDRED living dead are my parishioners.

They come to church in a community which none except the diseased approach. They live in a depressing place where, for the majority of them, death is the only cure readily available.

The Botsabelo Leper Settlement, standing at the foot of a mountain three miles from the Basutoland capital of Maseru, is part of my missionary assignment in South Africa. Here, I come in close contact with the afflicted, praying with them, waiting helplessly as death plucks another and another from among them.

FATHER LACHANCE

Admittedly, this institution of death and disease is not a pleasant place. Yet from it there is cheer to be had. For these poor Africans, although their bodies are rotting with leprosy, are still rich: incredibly rich in their faith in God.

I am one of the priests who has dedicated his life to the imitation of Christ in His help to the leper. The power to cure miraculously is not ours. Yet, we have been given the scientific knowledge of how best to treat the plague and relieve the suffering.

In pre-Christian days, the leper was one to be avoided as "unclean" and left without hope of cure. The stern Mosaic law hedged him around with inexorable prohibitions. Among the pagans, he was regarded with loathing, pushed out to die.

I visit Botsabelo four times weekly, staying over at times for several days to conduct services and confessions (the spiritual needs of 5,000 natives) while caring for the sick.

The leper colony needs much more help, what with only one doctor who also acts as superintendent of the settlement. The physician has as his assistants four nurses—two natives and two Europeans—who live in staff houses at the colony.

It is incredible to hear that this is the entire staff which cares for 700 lepers. For four years, I have offered to help solve this problem by bringing nuns to Botsabelo to act as nurses.

The nurses now working at Botsabelo are kind, thoughtful women. But they are in desperate need of assistance. It is unfortunate that the Government has not yet taken any decision about bringing nuns to the colony.

At the present time, nuns are caring for lepers even in Canada. A special wing of the Hôtel Dieu Hospital at Tracadie, Gloucester County, NB, has been maintained for the treatment of lepers for over a century. Sisters of the Hôtel Dieu de St. Joseph, in Montreal act as nurses and their work has been hailed internationally.

FORTUNATELY, Canada has no leper problem. Besides the settlement at Tracadie, there is only one other colony for lepers in this country. It is situated on forest-covered Bentinck Island, 16 miles south of Victoria, BC, in the straits of Saint Juan de Fuca. Far from world turmoil, the island is peaceful and clean. A community of ten neat, rain-washed cottages of sombre hues has been set up to make life a little easier for the patients.

A doctor of the Maritime Quarantine Station at William Head is in charge, and although his main job is inspector of foreign ships calling at Victoria, he often visits the island.

In the scrupulously clean main cottage lives the colony's nurse, a middle-aged ex-missionary who contracted the disease in foreign service and then, once cured, decided to spend the rest of her life with the lepers. Her husband acts as caretaker on the island. Except for infrequent trips, they spend all their time with the lepers.

The patients live in separate one-room cottages, a short distance from the nurse's quarters. Most of the time, they work in their gardens — it is their only relief against loneliness. I remember hearing of the Chinese patient who pointing to a rough piece of benchwood, showed how he had recorded in Chinese red letters the history of lepers who died on the island.

PATIENTS at Bentinck live in individual cottages.

Seldom, in recent years, has there been more than a dozen cases throughout the country at one given time. The situation now is a far cry from former years when, with scores of lepers confined to Bentinck Island, many tried to escape to Victoria. Constant rumors swept the city that lepers were escaping on logs and paddling towards the BC capital. Some of the rumors were true but none was known to have reached land. Many turned back—and many others drowned.

Today, supplies, wood and medical requirements are brought from Vancouver Island by Government launches three or four times weekly. Letters leave Bentinck sealed in a container holding formaldehyde fumes for 12 hours.

At the Tracadie institution as at Bentinck, new drugs are being used and are effecting remarkable improvement on the patients.

BUT BY FAR the best example of what can be done to improve the leper's lot is the National Leprosarium in the United States. This ultramodern institution, situated at Carville, 80 miles west of New Orleans, Louisiana, has only 400 leprosy cases. Yet, its staff is comprised of five resident doctors and 21 nun-nurses. Not one of these sisters, incidentally, has contracted the disease during her service there.

In addition to the permanent staff, five New Orleans specialists pay weekly calls.

Recently, before coming to Canada for a holiday, the first in 14 years, I visited the Carville institution. The difference between this settlement and the Botsabelo colony is fantastic.

The National Leprosarium is a $4,000,000 institution with the latest in equipment. It is situated in park-like grounds surrounded with century-old oaks. A self-sustaining community, it resembles

---

REV. ALBERT LACHANCE, OMI, *a Canadian-born clergyman, has been in Canada for some weeks on furlough from his South African station.*

BENTINCK ISLAND, off coast of British Columbia, is peaceful, if lonely, colony for Canada's few lepers. Other colony is special wing of Tracadie, NB, hospital.

—Bill Halkett

LEPER COLONY at Botsabelo, South Africa, is remotely situated; has small staff.

a small town. A power plant generates electricity, manufactures ice and operates a central steam-radiator heating system. There are two modern sanitary laundries, one for the patients, the other for personnel; a large dairy with pasteurization and cold-storage facilities; a well-equipped fire department. The sewage system and incinerator plant assure the complete sanitation of the community.

Nearly all of this is absent at Botsabelo. And there are 500,000 known lepers in Africa. Add to this the number of unreported cases and you have a gigantic total.

MOST AFRICAN LEPERS, knowing they will be confined in an institution and almost left to die, roam the streets, spreading the disease. They can do this because leprosy, until it is in an advanced stage, is not noticeable.

Do not get the impression that Botsabelo is a torture camp. The fact that the patients receive little treatment is due to the lack of physicians and nurses, and the dearth of equipment.

While leprosy is not hereditary, it is found that any couple who have the disease usually pass it on to their children by living in the same abode or by common use of the same food utensils and clothes.

For the unafflicted children of lepers, the Government has a special home where they are cared for until they are old enough to seek employment. But to place the children in this home, the state must have the parents' consent. Seldom is this granted.

The essence of the modern plan is to help the leper lead as normal a life as possible, compatible with the health of the community.

Restrictions on patients are kept to a minimum to persuade lepers to enter settlements willingly, and to remain there instead of attempting to conceal the disease. Thus, patients who are not actually infectious are given periodic leave to go to their home with instructions to take certain precautions.

Still, it has posed a problem. Marriage in the colony of Botsabelo is not permitted, so when patients on leave marry, a difficult situation arises.

Then, too, there are cases at the colony of children born out of wedlock.

These children and those of patients who married during their temporary leave from the institution usually remain at the leprosarium, at the request of the parents.

Even when a couple is married, the husband and wife are not permitted to live together at Botsabelo. Women, men and children are all segregated. Part of their treatment is work. They pass the day farming the grounds of the institution. The children, meanwhile, go to either Catholic or Protestant schools in the colony, taught by elder patients. They also learn trades.

Truly, of all diseases, leprosy is the most terrifying. But now, with the new miracle sulfone drugs, even a cure of leprosy is possible. There were 63 at Carville alone last year who could be permanently released.

Promin, diasone and sulfetrone hold greater curative powers than chaulmoogra oil, a mixture of unsaturated fatty acids obtained from the nuts of trees native to India.

Promin, after more than seven years' experience, is now considered to be a chemotherapeutic agent of established value. Diasone, used for more than five years now, is as active as promin. Promacetin and sulfetrone, used on a smaller scale for only two years, are already showing favorable therapeutic action.

RAPID or spectacular cures are not seen from the use of sulfone drugs nor are they claimed to be specific remedies. On the contrary, they work slowly with definite clinical improvement not appearing until after three to six months' treatment.

Sulfone therapy, moreover, is opening up avenues of treatment such as correction of facial deformities or disfigurements by means of plastic surgery. These are entirely successful and feasible procedures in sulfone-treated patients even if the skin shows organisms.

It is really unfortunate that only one out of every 20 lepers in the Botsabelo settlement has been treated so far with the new drugs. The reason: the treatment is too expensive. Surely, the patients themselves cannot afford the drugs. And the Government has taken no steps to improve their lot.

A person contracting leprosy today who undergoes treatment promptly may reasonably expect his condition to be greatly improved or even arrested within a few years. The recent successes of the sulfone drugs account for this optimistic view of a centuries-old medical and public health problem.

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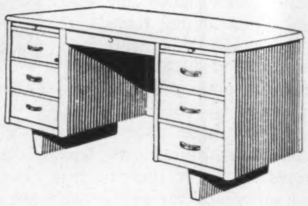

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NATIONAL ROUND-UP

Newfoundland:

FOR WANT OF A TEACHER

WHEN SCHOOL opened in Newfoundland for the new term, at least 2,000 children were absent because they had no teachers. How long they will be given an extended holiday it is impossible to estimate. Most of the schools affected are located in the northern peninsula, where the population is sparsely distributed, and which is isolated for many months in winter from the rest of the Province.

Education in Newfoundland, except for the Memorial University and the few amalgamated schools, is conducted on denominational lines. In St. John's, at the Education Department, there are separate offices for the United Church Board, the Church of England, the Roman Catholic and the Salvation Army. Each board takes care of its own schools all over the Province, with Government assistance. In communities where two, or even four, denominations may dwell, each religious group will have its own school irrespective of the number of pupils. There may be ten or a score of each; then a one-room school for every group is needed.

The Government granted a half-million dollars a few weeks ago to augment salaries but the teaching profession has lost many members since the war when better paid employment opened up. It is now expected that some of the vacancies in all denominations will be filled by unqualified teachers, such as those who have passed Grade XI but have no teacher training. There are even some teachers of the low grades who have not completed Grade XI. It is to these, however, that the boards must look in the emergency.

According to Government estimates for the current fiscal year ending next March 31, education will cost the Province $5,453,500. Education ranks third in expenditure, being topped by Public Works and Welfare and running neck-and-neck with the Health allocation.

New Brunswick:

ROOT AND BRANCH

VERSATILE Dr. P. C. Laporte, Edmundston physician and surgeon, is surprised these days to find that his enthusiasm for woodcarving is influencing a revival of the time-honored craft not only in NB's Madawaska County but throughout Canada. The 66-year-old doctor took up the hobby as a young man because, he says, "a pastime like this helps to keep you well."

Children of the town often came to watch him enviously as he worked at slabs of wood, whittling and chiselling scenes in semi-relief. Dr. Laporte organized an informal class in his basement shop, and developed a number of young artists of recognized ability.

One of them, Albert Nadeau, now does furniture art carving in Montreal, and another, Claude Roussel, is taking advanced study in the same city. Many of Dr. Laporte's own works have been prize winners at medical art shows in Canada and the U.S.

Frank E. Whale, an amateur woodcarver of Victoria, BC, read about the NB doctor's success and began corresponding with him. The upshot has been the formation of the Federation of Canadian Woodcarvers, with an initial membership of 37 from coast to coast and with Dr. Laporte as president.

Ontario:

KEEP AT HOME

ONTARIO was going "all-Canadian".

Little more than a month ago when the U.S. turned down the St. Lawrence Seaway Premier Frost had stern words. He told that country to "please get out of the way and let us finish the job".

Last week Mr. Frost had reason again not to look in too kindly a manner on our "good neighbor".

This time it was natural gas.

For years natural gas has been one of the economic back-bones of southwestern Ontario. With hundreds of wells spotted throughout the south it has been so cheap it has been used almost universally in both homes and industrial plants for heating, cooking and hot water.

But the war absorbed great gulps and by 1947 the shortage was so serious that at the height of the winter cold spell industrial plants had to close down.

Gas companies, headed by the huge Union Gas Company, which had been frantically augmenting supplies with expensive manufactured gas made attempts to import Texas natural gas, already pipelined to the border at Detroit.

But they could never get satisfaction from U.S. authorities. They were permitted to buy and store excess summer supplies, but for several years Washington dawdled on their request for a firm delivery contract.

Last week Washington finally turned down their request. The gas was needed in the U.S.

Mr. Frost immediately looked west. Alberta, he noted, had natural gas. Why shouldn't there be a pipeline to bring it into Ontario? To investigate, Department of Mines officials were dispatched immediately to the western Province.

This time there was no direct message to the U.S. but he noted that while there were applications from some northern states for gas "we need it right here in Canada."

While he was at it, he noted that Alberta oil was being refined in Wisconsin and said he saw no reason why it shouldn't be refined at the Canadian Lakehead.

—CP

COLOR was lent to the Autumn scene in Canada by the extended tour of Sir Denys Lowson, Lord Mayor of London, with a sparkling retinue. Here, at one of his last official functions he opens the seventy-sixth annual Western Fair, at London, Ontario.

Saskatchewan:

WET SMACK

IF IT ISN'T insects or plant diseases to plague the prairie farmer, it's drought or frost. The hazards of growing a crop of wheat are varied.

In southern Saskatchewan, with more rain in the first ten days of September than normally falls in the entire month, the problem is excessive moisture.

Six per cent of all the grain in southern Saskatchewan this year has been spoiled and is valueless because it has germinated in the swath. Actually, 25 per cent of the swathed grain has sprouted which is about six per cent of the whole southern crop including the larger part which is uncut.

In the Regina area, part of the crop which had been swathed lay in the fields for three weeks with rain falling intermittently during almost the entire period.

Swathed grain, lying thick on top of the stubble, sprouted from the centre and the green shoots formed on top of the swath like lawn grass. The rootlets were matted in the soaked centre of the swath.

To the farmer, it will mean a loss of part of his crop, and good wheat which contains a percentage of the kernels which had only begun to sprout, will drop from one to four grades.

Alberta:

FIGHT IN '52?

WHETHER Alberta voters are called to the polls in a general election next year or not, Liberal leaders are girding for the fray.

The Social Credit Government's five-year term will not end until August, 1953, but political observers say there are strong possibilities that it will appeal to the electorate in 1952. With a good record of Provincial financing and debt reduction, with mounting surpluses from oil development, the administration might well choose next year for its fifth election.

Led by J. Harper Prowse, MLA, the Liberals plan several nominating conventions, starting this fall. Demands have come in from several ridings which are eager to get their candidates ready for battle.

In a recent by-election in Grouard, in northern Alberta, the Liberals captured the seat which formerly was held by a Social Credit member, Dr. J. B. T. Wood of High Prairie, who resigned. Earlier, the Liberals increased their vote substantially in a by-election in Olds constituency, though the SC forces managed to retain it.

British Columbia:

AT LAST

THE RAINS have come and British Columbia's loggers are going back to work. Since mid-June, except for a few brief days late that month, the forests have been closed because of the unprecedented drought which caused a loss estimated as high as $40 million.

Never did Vancouver—and Victoria and the Lower Mainland—have a summer like it, grand for the tourists and the sun-tan enthusiasts, but bad

GROWING SKY STRENGTH. Impressive panorama of Canadian-built F86E Sabre jets of Europe-bound 410 and 441 Squadrons, Royal Canadian Air Force.

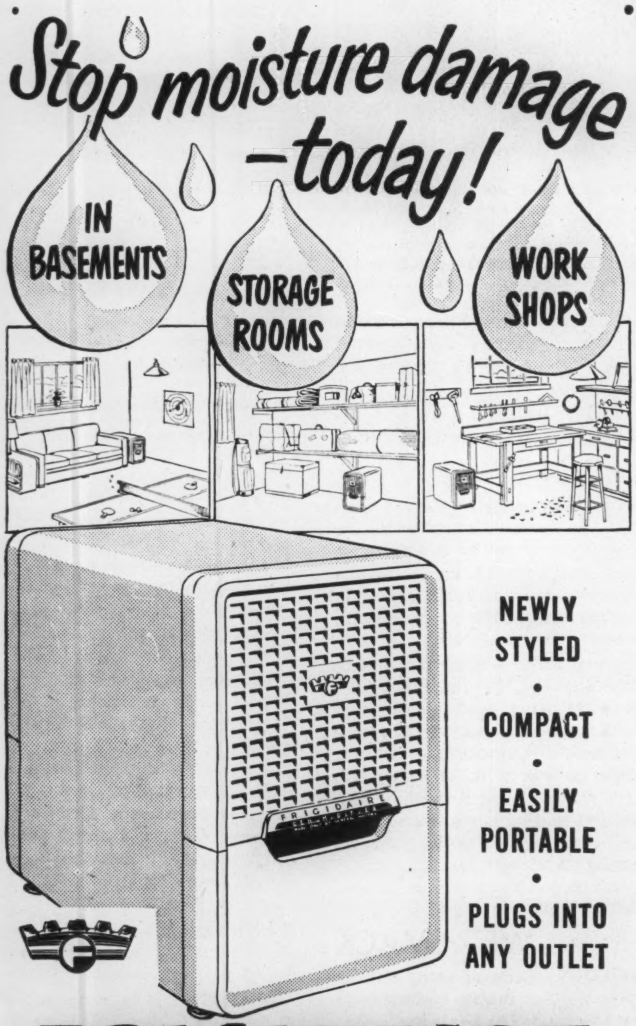
—RCAF

on business. Last week the rains came, turned the forests soggy wet again, and the loggers could go back in and go to work without fear of accidentally starting fires.

Biggest worry now: getting out enough logs, to keep the mills going, before the winter snows come to the high levels and stop logging again.

Logging wasn't the only sufferer—berry and hay and grain crops also were at low figures, and farmers already are looking for help to bring cattle feed from the east.

■ Bing Crosby wore blue jeans, hiking shoes and a large farmer-type straw hat as he walked into Hotel Vancouver this week. He promptly got a room. It was a gag follow-up to the incident last May when a clerk did not immediately recognize crooner Crosby in old fishing togs and didn't produce a room at once.



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Manitoba:

RUSTLING'S BACK

CATTLE RUSTLING is threatening to stage a comeback in rural Manitoba. Spurred on by record-breaking prices for Canadian beef, the 1951 style rustlers are using trucks to cart off the animals they steal. Winnipeg RCMP files list five convictions during July and August. At present another four cases are under investigation.

Cattle thieves are finding their business risky. They must run the gauntlet of RCMP highway patrols as they transport cattle to the stockyards and get them on the auction block without suspicion from livestock buyers. Most cattle are branded and the tell-tale hide still exists after the beast is slaughtered.

Generally the rustlers only make away with one animal at a time and most of the thefts seem unrelated. In only one case to date has a rustler been convicted of more than one offence. A Miami, Man., man pulled off two "jobs" with a juvenile accomplice, then brought in another farm laborer for a third theft. The men got three years suspended sentences and were ordered to make restitution to the farmers they robbed. The boy was fined $25 and costs for each job.

In another case a rustler received a three year suspended sentence after stealing a freshened cow and selling it as beef. In the end he lost heavily on the deal when the court ordered him to pay twice as much as he got for her to the farmer for the loss of a high-grade milk cow.

RED BLACKMAIL

COMMUNIST China is still attempting to collect a blackmail tax from some Canadian Chinese and in many cases succeeding. That was the charge levelled in Winnipeg recently by an official of the Chinese National League.

The Red trick is to demand a tax from relatives in China of Canadian Chinese. If the tax is not paid the Communists will not answer for the safety of the individual.

—CP

CAPITAL SAILORS: Ottawa has seen plenty of men in naval uniform but not many sailors in action. It got its chance when five Navy Fairmiles locked down the Rideau Canal en route to Kingston, Ont.

—CP

RECESSIONAL: Procession of bishops leaving Victoria's Christ Church Cathedral after installation of newly-elected Archbishop Walter Foster Barfoot of Edmonton as Primate of all Canada. Ceremony was conducted by Archbishop W. R. Adams.

POTATO RACE

PROVINCIAL plant scientists are making a bid to put a potato on the food market which will be the equal of high-grade spuds imported from other provinces.

The answer may lie in a new potato seedling, under trial for seven years. This new strain is an improvement over the Irish Cobblers grown in Manitoba. At present the home grown Cobblers cannot compete with Netted Gems from Alberta and Chippawa and Katahdin varieties from the Maritimes.

E. T. Anderson, Associate Professor of Plant Science at the University of Manitoba, has explained the Irish Cobbler potato has been a problem because it is a very good grower's potato and a poor spud for consumers.

THEN AND NOW

APPOINTMENTS

Cmdr. A. B. Fraser-Harris of Halifax, Commander of the destroyer *Nootka* for six months in the Korean war zone, is now Executive Officer of HMCS *Stadacona*, the RCN barracks at Halifax. Command of the *Nootka* will be taken over by **Cmdr. Richard M. Steele** of Rothesay, NB, until recently Deputy Director of Naval Reserves.

Brig. J. A. W. Bennett of Ottawa, Commander of the Army's Western Ontario Area, will temporarily take charge of Prairie Command, Winnipeg, when its present head, **Brig. A. B. Connelly**, formerly of Calgary, takes command of the Canadian Military Mission in Tokyo in November.

DEATHS

Mrs. Charles Curtis, wife of Dr. Charles Curtis, CBE, head of the Grenfell Association at St. Anthony, Newfoundland, and successor of the late Dr. Wilfrid Grenfell of mission-ary-medicine fame; suddenly at Boston, Mass. She had spent 35 years at St. Anthony with her husband.

WORLD AFFAIRS

NOW BACK TO GERMANY AGAIN

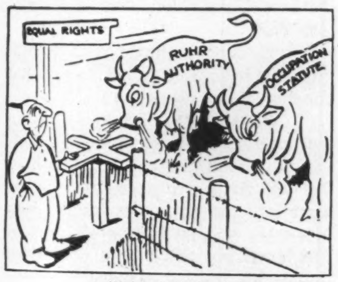
by Willson Woodside

THE GREAT GOAL of Soviet postwar policy, as this commentary urged several years before the view became widely accepted, has been to gain control of Germany on the one flank, and Japan on the other. It has been these two industrial and military powers which have threatened Russia—White and Red—for the past half-century. It was only by some miracle of miscalculation that they did not join forces in overwhelming her in 1941.

Were other powers to gain full control of these highly-developed industrial and military bases on her either flank, Russia might again be threatened. And, what concerns us, should Russia gain control of Germany and Japan she would gain so much in industry and skills as to shift the world balance of power, and have powerful advanced bases from which to spread her conquests, by blackmail and by force.

That is why it was inevitable that postwar rivalry between the associates of World War II should centre on control of defeated Germany and Japan, and why it was no accident that the real threats of World War III should have arisen from the Berlin Blockade and the Communist attack in Korea, a "dagger pointed at Japan."

The barrier which has been erected in Korea and the treaty which has been concluded with Japan in defiance of the Soviets, have tidied up that flank for the time being. Now attention is turned back to Germany, where the situation has always been more immediately dangerous, because of the body-to-body contact with the mighty Soviet land power poised to overrun the remainder of Europe at any time the Kremlin should decide that it was safe to take the risk.



—Westfaelische Rundschau, Dortmund

POWERFUL OBSTACLES

It is impossible for the Western Allies to conclude a separate peace treaty with Germany, as they have done with Japan, because of the difference in conditions. They had full occupational control of Japan and were able to demonstrate that they could adequately defend her from Soviet wrath. But they control only a part of Germany. Another part is occupied by the Soviets, and still other parts are annexed to Poland and to the Soviet Union—though this annexation can only be formalized by a peace treaty. Then there is the special position of Berlin.

We cannot write any real separate peace treaty with Western Germany, because no West German Government could accept a treaty which gave up all hope of reuniting the country, and because we cannot give up the right to station troops in Germany, for the defence of Western Europe.

So we are doing the most that is possible, within these great limitations. The new "contract" which the three Western foreign ministers, Acheson, Morrison and Schuman, have agreed to in their Washington meeting will give the Bonn Government almost complete freedom of action in domestic and foreign affairs. The former occupying powers will, however, retain the power to intervene to prevent a Communist or Fascist coup from overthrowing the democratic authority of the German Federal Republic.

New Proposals

The Western occupation troops will become, by a stroke of the pen, mutual defence forces stationed in Germany by German consent. Our High Commissioners will be replaced by Ambassadors. And a "free" Germany will presumably join in the European Army as well as in the Schuman Plan.

That is the essence of the new proposals, as presented widely and accurately in the press. Let no one think that it will work out so slick as it sounds. You can tell the Germans that they are now "free and sovereign," but the fact is that they will remain under occupation. You can call the occupation troops mutual security forces, retained by German consent to the "contract"; but the Germans couldn't get rid of them if they wanted to. What is more, the Germans are being required to pay for the upkeep of these troops, not as "occupation costs" any more, but as their contribution to their own security while they are in process of raising defence forces of their own.

Conquer to Associate

On the other hand, you can say that we are in process of changing our role of conqueror into that of associate of Germany in the "Western Community," but we cannot be absolutely sure that the Germans will loyally undertake and carry through their obligations to join and defend that community. These are, principally, participation in the Schuman Plan for pooling West European coal and steel production, which is absolutely basic to the idea of ending the menace of Germany to Western Europe and freeing Germany from occupation controls: and the Pleven Plan for a European Army.

Chancellor Adenauer has acted the statesman throughout, and is trusted by the Western powers as being sincere in his policy of close association. But German politicians as a whole have acted in character by exploiting to the utmost the bargaining power we have handed them in creating a situation in which we appear more anxious to secure German cooperation than they are to give it.

—International

BRITAIN'S LATEST AND BIGGEST military plane is this four-jet Vickers *Valiant* bomber, first shown last week. Powered by Rolls-Royce *Avons*, it is said to be as fast as the much smaller twin-jet *Canberra*, which flies the Atlantic ocean in four hours. The *Valiant* has been ordered in quantity for the Royal Air Force.

Thus, the *Bundestag* (the Bonn parliament) hangs back from ratifying the Schuman Plan, and seeks to barter its signature on this vital agreement for concessions on the Ruhr Authority, which has allocated 25 million tons of German coal to other European countries this year; the Saar, which the French have virtually annexed (also a question of coal); occupation costs, which the German politicians and press say they simply can't sustain; and German assets abroad, whose confiscation was recently made final, but which the Germans would like to see used to scale down German foreign debts.

Unless there are concessions, we are told, no one can be sure that the Schuman Plan will get through the *Bundestag*. Adenauer, as a politician, is susceptible to any insinuation by the Opposition that he is selling Germany short and that they could secure better terms; and perhaps even more susceptible to the demands of an important party in the Government coalition, the Free Democrats, for the abolition of all Allied controls on the German economy.

—Wheeler

ADENAUER IS COUNTERATTACKING against rebels in his own party, neo-Nazis, and Socialists who are against rearmament.

Then there is the other great proposal for binding Germany safely into the Western community and securing a contribution from her for the defence of that community : the European Army. Opposition leader Kurt Schumacher, whose position has been strengthened by the results of several provincial elections during the past year, was still insisting in a speech on September 8 that the Germans did not know the Allied policy or strategic concept for defending Germany, or what military strength was available to carry it out. Under certain conditions he would support the rearmament of Germany, but not at present.

Equality

The conditions to which Schumacher refers he has often laid down as the complete equality of Germany in the organization and staffing of the European Army and in all dealings with her associates in it, and the stationing of sufficient Allied troops in Germany to "guarantee" that the country will not be overrun, but that a counter-offensive will throw the Russians back to the Vistula.

There is a third major uncertainty in our relations with Germany, one which has received much publicity lately, the possibility of a revival of Nazism. In a recent provincial election the barely disguised neo-Nazi party of General Remer received one-seventh of the vote. It is quite right that we should take warning from this cloud the size of a man's hand. Happily the Germans themselves are taking note of it too.

Chancellor Adenauer broadcast on July 20, anniversary of the attempted assassination of Hitler, a tribute to the men who had tried to shorten the war and save their country from utter ruin by overthrowing Hitler. July 20, 1944, he said, was "the day when the democratic forces in Germany tried to liberate our people from "National Socialism." General Remer — at that time Major Remer—received his rapid promotion from Hitler for his impor-

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tant share in defeating the attempted *Putsch* of July 20.

The leaders of the half-dozen largest veterans' organizations in Germany, meeting in mid-September to form a new Federation of German Soldiers, have pointedly excluded Remer's group. What is also of the greatest interest, they have disavowed the "*ohne Mich*" or "Count me out" attitude so widely prevalent among individual ex-soldiers up to last year.

The Federation "recognizes the necessity of defending our homeland under conditions of equality such as are demanded by the peoples of the Western World." (Very neatly put.) It declares itself "ready in mutual respect to shake hands with all soldiers of the free world and to stand for faithful cooperation in the preservation of peace."

The Germans, it is clear, are coming around steadily to the idea of sharing in the defence of Europe. And, if my own experience with United Europe sentiment in Germany since the war is any guide, this is partly because that defence envisages a European Army.

They are for the European Army; but from the first they have insisted that it was only possible on terms of absolute equality. Already they appear to have won their contention for units of division size. They will insist on an equal share of the staff and command posts, too.

There will be trying times with them before these things are all worked out; they will use their bargaining power to the utmost. But as to whether they will actually join in the Western defence scheme: have they really any other choice open?

HERO'S REST

IT IS TOO SOON to attempt to evaluate General George C. Marshall's place in history. But it can be said without hesitation that no man of greater integrity or less personal ambition has held high office in the postwar era, and no other policy is so clearly recognizable for having turned the tide against Communist world domination as his famous Plan.

There is no suggestion from Washington that his retirement is due to any reason other than weariness and age. For a period equal to Roosevelt's presidency, Marshall has now been under the intense strain of high office and heavy responsibility. Any one of his three major positions could have killed a lesser man: Chief of Staff throughout the war; Secretary of State for two years; and lately Secretary of Defence during the period of the Korean War.

It is certainly intended as no derogation of General Marshall to say that one has seldom needed to feel less concern about the successorship to an outstanding public servant. Robert A. Lovett guided the vast expansion of the U.S. Air Force during the war; he went into the State Department with Marshall, as Under-Secretary; and he was inevitably called back again from public life to be Marshall's Under-Secretary of Defence.

—International

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WASHINGTON LETTER

ALL-OUT FOR AIR POWER

by Alastair Buchan

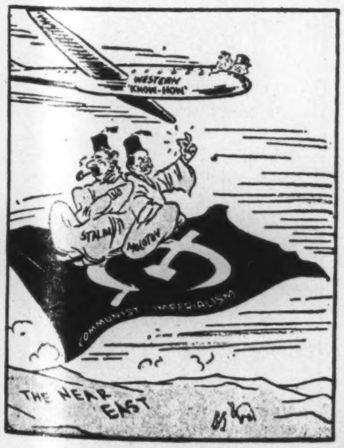
Washington.

THOMAS JEFFERSON and the framers of the American Constitution intended that the Congress should debate and frame policy while the function of the President was to execute it. Although Government has become vastly more complicated in the intervening 180 years, that is still the theory on which Government is run here.

For some time Senators and Congressmen have been viewing with growing irritation the sight of the President and his military and economic advisers working out the broad lines of policy and asking Congress to approve them. President Truman is far less high-handed with Congress than Mr. Roosevelt was, but he is also a much less skilful politician. So in the past few weeks Congress irrespective of party affiliations has been at pains to show Mr. Truman that it is not a "rubber stamp" and it has shown it in the place where its power is greatest, namely in the control of money.

—International

HIGHEST HUMAN: Douglas test pilot Bill Bridgeman flew a Navy rocket plane 78,000 feet up, attained speed of 1300 mph.



—Long in The Minneapolis Tribune

AIR POWER: Not quite the whole answer.

This explains the apparent contradiction by which the Senate and the House of Representatives between them cut nearly a billion and a quarter dollars from the Foreign Aid Bill, while the Senate Appropriations Committee has now voted to add 5 billions to the Armed Forces Bill, bringing it to the staggering figure of 60 billions. This additional appropriation is for the purpose of increasing the strength of the U.S. Air Force, as the Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, Senator O'Mahoney, has explained.

This is a project that is particularly dear to the hearts of Congressmen. At the moment, there is a general feeling among the whole of the American public that a large air force is not only the way to deter Russian aggression but offers an alternative to the distasteful prospect of stationing large numbers of American troops abroad for indefinite periods without, at the same time, letting down America's allies. Hence the nation's legislators can at one and the same time reduce America's contribution to the direct rearmament of her allies and insist on a lot of other petty economies in defence spending and yet give the President a free hand to spend a much larger sum than he had intended on the Air Force and naval aviation.

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MUSIC

SALESMAN TROUBADOUR

by Melwyn Breen

WHAT promises to be the beginning of a fruitful career as an all-Canadian-music tenor by 25-year-old Adam Gaw of Toronto began as a busman's holiday in a swank restaurant off the Champs Elysées. Gaw, a heavy-set broad-shouldered, extremely intense young man, was in Paris as part of a ten-country musical tour of Europe. He was featuring Canadian and Irish folksongs and was there making disks for *Radio Diffusion,* the French national network. A friend took him on a sightseeing tour of Paris that terminated in the Champs Elysées cabaret. It being late in the evening, the circle of patrons had narrowed and impromptu singing had begun. When, inevitably, they got round to "Alouette", Gaw contributed several unknown (to the Parisians) verses. The enthusiastic response started him on a series of vocal reminiscences, among them "O Canada!" in both French and English.

After he had finished, he was approached by an elderly woman who thanked him and, between unmistakable sobs, told him she was a Canadian, the widow of a German music conductor, but hadn't been home for 30 years. Hearing that Adam was to return shortly she urged him to visit Mme. Eva Gauthier, a niece of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, now living in New York. Mme. Gauthier has made a career of singing Canadian folksongs in Europe and the U.S., there being, alas, no market for such carryings-on in Canada.

Accordingly, Gaw visited Mme. Gauthier last month and discovered that she was one of the first supporters of the Irish tenor John McCormack. She listened to his singing and pronounced him the successor to her earlier and, as yet, more famous protégé. She sent him to a pair of impresarios, the brothers Anderson, Newfoundlanders in New York. They were equally impressed and have arranged a debut for him at the Waldorf-Astoria on Oct. 9.

The irony of this chain of events is that he has come back from Europe, where he served as one man ambassador of Canadian music, because he wants to make his living here and wants his coming baby to be born a Canadian. It seemed as though the demand for Canadian folksinging is still to be felt sometime in the future. However. Simpson's in Toronto arranged for him to have a Canadian debut, Sept. 20.

A Risky Career

Adam Gaw became a specialist in Canadian folk music while he was studying with the maestri of *La Scala* in Milan. Realizing that Milan was a city with a tenor on every street corner—some of whom can reel off 50 or 60 operatic roles at a crack—he decided that a career in opera was at best risky, at worst, starveling. He therefore conceived of a career of introducing Canadian music to Europe, a facet of our life that is virtually unknown there (as is our economy, our topography, our way of life and our civilian people). He approached the Canadian ambassador in Rome, Jean Désy. He was impressed with Gaw's idea as well as his voice and recommended him to see one of Europe's leading musicologists, M. Francis Toy. Through Toy, Gaw contacted the British Institute of Italy, who agreed to sponsor a tour.

His first concerts were given in Italy in such cities as Florence, Turin, Milan, Rome (including a concert for the Pope's *Radio Vatican*). Next came an offer from the Vienna Radio network *Rot-Weiss-Rot* to make a series of 25 recordings to be broadcast in Austria. This involved getting to Vienna from Italy, a trip that takes the most intrepid traveller through a

ADAM GAW rehearses folk-song with Accompanist Victor Kirsch in Germany.

harrowing 250 miles of Russian occupation. Gaw could not get special permission to go through this zone from the Italian authorities; but he decided that he would go anyway. Sure enough, there was a four-hour halt after the train was nicely inside the area. "They put on quite a show for us," he observes, "upon the hills, all around us, soldiers drilling, going through calisthenics, exercising with machine guns and bayonets. Well, I was a commando, I could judge just how tough those babies were. Believe me, they weren't the big manly ones they sent over here to take back the ships we built for Mother Russia during the War. These were *real* Russians—little ones. They'd run up ropes—you could see them from the train—and all that stuff. But they'd shinny halfway up and slip back down again: just like *we* used to."

Passport Trouble

While this show of muscle was going on the troopers were examining passports. A beetle-browed corporal came into his compartment and demanded Gaw's; on receiving it he glanced at it for a moment, then turned it upside down and studied it diligently. He left, taking the passport with him.

"He was back in a minute with a captain, shoulder-boards and all. This one tried to read it upside down too, then started to go through my bags, throwing all my stuff every which way. I was a little worried that he might take one look at my books of Canadian folksongs—you see, they've got pictures of Mounties on the cover. If he saw that—well, that would be that." He debated whether to go for the revolver he carried in his overcoat but said instead, *"Ich bin ein Kanadische Singer. Ich gehe nach Vienna um fur die Rüssen zu singen. Ich bin Tenor."* The Russian officer immediately straightened up, beaming, rung his hand, slapped him on the back, returned his passport and gave him his best wishes. "Could you beat it?" Gaw says, still shaking his head, "A music lover!"

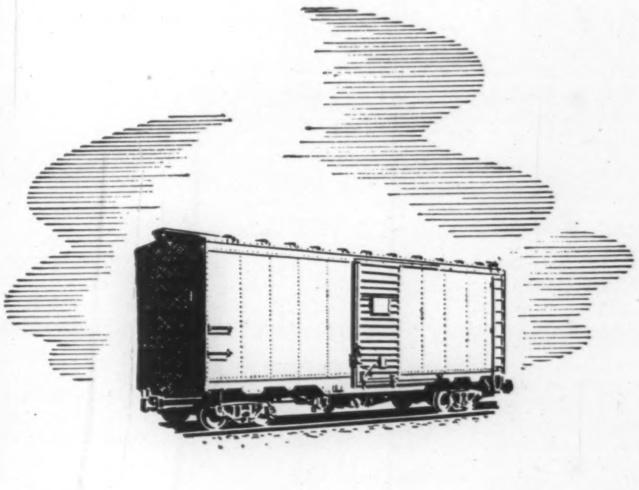
In Vienna he carried out his radio commitments, then made some records for the American armed forces network. After that he visited Germany, then England—singing chiefly on the radio such items as "Northland Songs", words by John Murray Gibbon and music by Healey Willan and Canadian folksongs set by Willan and by Sir Ernest MacMillan. After England he visited Norway, Sweden, Switzerland and back to Italy. Then he made the whole swing round the countries again six months later, this time making personal appearances. But this time when he got back to Italy he decided to come back here.

"First of all, I wanted to come back here because I like to think of myself as a *Canadian*. Over there you really get the feeling of patriotism. Tell you the truth, I never had the feeling before—mind you, I was a veteran and all that—but it took three years, three *postwar* years, in Europe to show me what a good thing we've got over here." He is impatient with the slowness of our reception to native talent and with the way our concert scene is dominated by huge American artists' syndicates. But he still believes that there's a living to be made in Canada.

The state of opera in Italy has degenerated badly, Gaw reflects, with bicycle races and football fast usurping the first place opera used to take. "They've also gone jazz-crazy. You take an Italian crooner—why, he takes an arrangement by Crosby or Como and he learns the English parrot-fashion and he's up on the stand, cuddling the mike and the people are going crazy. In the opera houses they go for two things: noise and the high ones. Give them a tenor who can hit the high ones—like my friend Eugene Conley, the American; they eat it up."

Even more sinister, perhaps, is the lack of training available for Italian singers. In the old days a penniless possibility was nurtured and coddled until he became a first-rate singer. "Nowadays, the country's money-mad. You can't get training unless you pay for it. Why, at the *La Scala* opera school last year, there were 13 American students—and not one Italian. And not only that but the 13 all refused to return to the school after the term was up: bad and incompetent teaching had ruined their voices."

In spite of this, the Italians are bitter about their losing the first place in opera in foreign countries. Their attitude is to reconquer the world, opera-wise. "Quite a paradox," Gaw observes. "I'm no Fascist, but under them there were 132 opera houses running full time. Now, under the so-called Christian Democrats, there are 13—running *sometimes*."



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DEAR PROFESSOR

SPORTS: AN OPEN LETTER

MARY WASHINGTON COLLEGE
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

Mr. Kimball McIlroy,
Saturday Night,
Toronto, Canada

Dear Mr. McIlroy:

A former Canadian who once knew the sporting scene in Canada reasonably well, I am curious about some of the developments of late years. I hope it will not be too much trouble for you to enlighten me.

No trouble at all. I am curious about some of the developments myself.

Rugby Football

The Canadian raids on National League stars suggest money. The size of Canadian stadia does not. What is the explanation?

The size of stadia in the East *do* suggest, and make possible, money. Toronto's Varsity Stadium can seat pretty close to 30,000, which at, say, three bucks a head, is money.

Montreal does as well, Hamilton and Ottawa nearly as well. The western stadia *are* small, but the trade is steady. Moreover, well-heeled fans kick in for expensive dinners, program space, and just plain gifts. And the team which gets into the Grey Cup final picks up a nice bit of change.

In the Big Four and on the Prairies is the present state of affairs professionalism or semi-professionalism? Are all the players paid enough to make other jobs unnecessary, at least during the playing season? Or are only a few paid in this way, the rest receiving merely nominal amounts? Could there be any pure amateurs playing?

The present state of affairs in the Big Four and on the Prairies, and to a lesser extent in the ORFU, is straight professionalism, to such an extent that Montreal Alouettes three years ago could offer Frank Filchock $20,000 for two seasons, and this year woo George Ratterman from the New York Yankees. Big-name players are paid enough to make other jobs unnecessary at any time, though many take jobs to bolster already fat incomes and to trade on their rugby fame.

There is nothing in the rules to prevent pure amateurs from playing, but such a man would be sent to the nearest psychiatrist before any thinking coach would risk having him around.

Do reserve clauses and territorial rights exist?

They do, but in an unsatisfactory sort of a way, so that there is almost continual bickering between the various clubs. CRU playing certificates tie a man pretty well to one club, and a kind of gentlemen's agreement between the club sponsors does the rest. There is plenty of money for all, and no one likes to jeopardize the fine, fat take.

What is the length of the playing schedule nowadays, and how early does the season begin?

The length of the rugby schedule today might best be termed "interminable". The first exhibition game was on August 4th, the first league games on August 25th in the West and 29th in the East. The last game will be in late November, if the players live that long.

In addition, of course, there is preseason practice and in some cases spring training. A player seeking off-season employment has to find something pretty brief, like being a department store Santa Claus.

Are Sunday games played outside Montreal?

Except for a pre-season exhibition game between Argonauts and Hamilton in, of all places, Buffalo, the answer is: not yet, but soon. The big money, and hence the trend, is that way. Argos, who not long ago believed that lightning would strike Sabbath footballers, are playing on Sunday in Montreal quite cheerfully.

Is the ORFU a minor professional league, or has it a substantial amount of amateurism? Does it still operate in various classes, and can anyone enter a team at will?

The ORFU's senior loop is minor professional, with the presumed exception of that extraordinary new entry, McMaster University. The once-proud Toronto Balmy Beaches are now an Argonaut farm club. Last year they met the parent club in what was somewhat euphemistically entitled the Eastern Final.

On other levels, the ORFU is pretty well amateur. It operates in various classes and anyone can enter a team, subject to the usual conditions. The Big Four and the Western Interprovincial have been urged to do more for the juniors and intermediates, for their own sakes, but nothing much has come of it. The ORFU still carries the ball.

Have there been any important changes in the Inter-collegiate set-up?

Oh, my! In the first place, the only colleges still in the game are Toronto, Western, McGill, and Queen's, with UBC operating with some minor U.S. schools. In the second place, all four of the above-named institutes now have American coaches, who are doing their level best to introduce the American rules *in toto*.

The puzzling thing is that their alumni, presumably a very conservative element in the country, protest little or not at all. When one recalls the furore which greeted the innova-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

CANADIAN MEN: TOO CONCEITED TO DRESS WELL?

by Beverley Echlin

A SLIGHT, STRAINED MAN stood before the British House of Commons and began his maiden speech. Anxious to impress, his Irish topic was prepared with care. As his speech continued, titters ran through the gallery. Then came chuckles and waves of uproarious laughter. The newcomer sat down, his speech unfinished, his knuckles white.

In a citadel of sobriety and dark serge Benjamin Disraeli had dared to make his first speaking appearance in a bottle-green coat, a white waistcoat covered with gold chains and a huge black cravat. Only his wordy speech rivalled his extravagant attire. Dizzy, who was to become a penetrating author and an eminent statesman, was a dandy.

TODAY, MEN ARE AFRAID to indulge in color. They are afraid of the term dandy. Like Dizzy, they love color; but not on themselves. They like their wives in red dresses, they purchase vibrant-colored cars, they paint their front doors blue. Yet the tartan jacket, a natural for men, was last year's top flop.

Certainly Disraeli outdid himself. Perhaps men shouldn't run around in bottle-green suits, but millions of women would like to see men use some color, some imagination in their attire. Like a drop of soya sauce in gravy or a cold drink livened with bitters, men's clothing should have a touch of spice added to the basic good flavor.

I remember vividly a man at the Woodbine racing meet last spring. He was wearing a well-tailored grey flannel suit with a pale lemon vest. The vest had a fine overplaid of grey. This racing fan did not seem to be shunned by other males, no one pointed at him. He was no dandy, he was a well-dressed man.

Moving from the race track to the summer dance floor, I found another dash of color I liked. Worn with a white dinner jacket and dark trousers, a wine cummerbund—or sash—with a matching wine carnation is good for the eye. Though men's fashion authorities do not approve of this deviation from formality, women like it.

Two sports shirts I saw a few months ago had individuality. Both were short-sleeved with buttoned front and open collars. They were of a fine mesh material. One was cocoa brown, with slender yellow horizontal stripes four inches apart. Grey stripes, of the same narrow width, ran next to the yellow. The over-all effect was a brown shirt, with a distinctive spark of grey and yellow.

The second shirt was black, with neat red and white markings running around the body. As in the cocoa shirt, the designs were four or five inches apart, leaving the impression of black predominant.

This spice in men's clothing is available for fall and winter. The choice is wide and varied. Some examples:

A new, lighter-weight (three to four ounces a yard) Harris tweed three-piece suit. A good buy at $65, the one I liked was a blue, brown and white weave with simulated leather buttons. The coat, single-breasted, had a deep breast pocket and good-sized patch pockets.

A SUIT MATERIAL which shows great prospects is Blackthorn Twist. Coming in a variety of color combinations, most distinctive was one which gave the appearance of a small black and white pattern. On close examination it was a mixture of black, dark green, white, rust and grey. Woven in Northern Ireland, Blackthorn Twist retains the quality look of tweed, yet is not as bulky.

A lamb's wool overcoat with a distinguished air caught my fancy. Selling at $55, it was a tweedy mixture of grey, blue, brown and minute flecks of orange. The coat's feature was the square-shouldered raglan design. It had hinge sleeves, balmacaan — or semi-military—collar and full back.

Smaller items with a flair are scarves, some of wool, with one side plain; the other patterned. The same type, combining different materials are the scarves which are plain wool on one side; the other a polka dot silk pattern. Another scarf, available to the affluent, a treasure for anyone, is the silk Derby 'kerchief, made by Liberty's of London. This records winners of the racing classic since

—Panda

CANADIAN WOMEN, directly or indirectly, influence selection of 75 per cent of all clothes that men buy in Canada. Beverley Echlin, writer, passes judgment on a suit.

1780, bounded by a colored border.

One shop is showing a combination gabardine and corduroy sports shirt, in contrasting colors, guaranteed washable and color fast. Best-looking and selling rapidly is the beige gabardine and rust corduroy one. Cuffs and V-neck are corduroy, the rest is gabardine.

Much the same style but all gabardine are those which have the appearance of a sleeveless sweater over a long-sleeved shirt. Main color is plain, the "sweater" is one of many tartans. Their prize: A white shirt with red tartan "sweater" — wonderful for the curling enthusiast.

Vests for the coming seasons run the gamut of color and design. There are the luxurious doeskin tattersall vests in a medley of soft tones, with silk linings and backs, and shimmering mother-of-pearl buttons. Others have a fine overplaid in contrasting shades or small checks. A few are adorned with rich embroidery. Less expensive and not as confining are knitted vests, some of which look like flannel. My choice here was a beige knit with a tiny v-pattern in chocolate brown.

For the bedroom there are slippers that would do credit to a man with bunions on all ten toes. These are ankle-high in soft suede, lined with lamb's wool. With a zipper-front fastening they are comfortable and neat-fitting. Best-looking pajamas I saw (aside from pure silk at $75) were those in colored broadcloth, with checked cuffs and collars.

The clothing I have described so far has all been "spice-stuff". What about the good basic flavor?

Always tops are the navy suit and the grey flannel suit. Color in the forefront this year will be blue, and all shades come under the name Edinburgh Blue, in honor of the coming Royal Visit. Brown, I am informed, is a trailing color.

Pattern is important in fall and winter suits. Probably the most talked-about weave will be the dark suit—blues and greys—with closely-spaced, fine white stripes. This thread-line stripe is distinctive, and should not be confused with bold and blatant stripes of the past. Two other patterns worthy of comment are the new effects that are being achieved with pic-and-pics and diagonals. Both will be big sellers.

Though some newspapers have reported the contrary, prices of suits this autumn will be up anywhere from $5 to $10 over last spring's suits. The reason is simple. Though wool prices have fallen, shipments were bought before the drop. It must be remembered that orders are placed up to a year in advance. In addition labor costs are steadily rising, which offsets cheaper wool. Every rise in the cost-of-living index is reflected in the suit you buy.

As basic as a suit in a man's wardrobe, is his overcoat. Elysians are always popular and will be seen everywhere. Then there is Crombie of England. They are making overcoats in three weights, all in good solid colors with a moss-like finish.

In the shoe line, an English firm is turning out a two-in-one shoe, which is as waterproof as a shoe can be. Called a Zug, it has two uppers sealed together and a triple sole, yet maintains a tidy look. Oil-tanned in Scotland, it comes in deep brown and has a pebbly or scotch-grain finish.

More of the good basic are plain white shirts for business wear. In patterns, the shirt with narrow stripes or cluster stripes is fashionable, coming in a number of color combinations. French cuffs with suitable cuff links and neat collars are the present vogue. Ties are narrow, but not too narrow; the pattern is livelier than in the past three seasons. Hats will continue to have narrow brims. Some will have an Edwardian touch, with rolled brims.

DID YOU KNOW

. . . that Canadian men are growing taller? Average man's three-piece suit today requires between 3½ and 3¾ yards of material, 56 to 60 inches wide. Fifteen years ago it was a quarter to a half yard less.

. . . that men's ties are now up to nine inches longer than they were before the war, when the average length was about 45 inches?

. . . that of all the men's fine shirts sold today in Canada, 76 per cent are white?

. . . that the cloth in a man's shirt is 65 per cent of the cost, the labor 35 per cent?

Now we have the spice and good flavor in men's clothes. There remains the newest and latest developments in the attire field. First and foremost is a tricot nylon shirt with fused collars and cuffs. This process guarantees a crisp look, something that was lacking in the earlier nylons. As before, the shirt requires no ironing, but a quick press does improve the appearance.

Next comes 100 per cent shrink-proof wool socks. They have gone through the rigorous test of being washed in too much soap, piping hot water, and dried without stretchers over the stove. And they didn't shrink. Made of non-felting wool, nylon reinforced heels and toes. Price? $2.

Another new sock is the nylonized hose. These are all nylon, looking like wool—and the big news—acting like wool. They have been treated—nylonized—to absorb water. This process is the answer to complaints that nylon socks and perspiration don't mix.

For the hunter there is a novel cap. Reversible, this duck-and-deer visor cap is camouflage cloth on one side, red satin on the other. With a flip of the cap, you can shoot ducks one moment, hunt deer the next.

These are men's fashions—the spice, the basic good flavor and the latest developments. But none are worth a nickel if a man neglects to keep his clothes pressed, shirts fresh, shoes polished and hat blocked.

To pass the test with honors requires some of the verve and imagination of a Disraeli. His code was "Life is too short to be little." If men would think of that and reach for the spice, more women would reach for them.

WOMAN OF THE WEEK

FIRST LADY OF THE SEA

by Gilean Douglas

A MINISTER'S WIFE learns to expect the unexpected, but to Kay Boas the normal is surprising. When she gets up in the morning she never knows whether she will be sleeping on land or sea that night. Her housekeeping has to be elastic enough to stretch from a good-sized rectory to a tiny ship's galley and yet keep five people well-fed and comfortable. She must be wife, mother, teacher, trained nurse, deck-hand, cook, gardener, carpenter, helmsman and a double for Dorothy Dix. Plus, of course, the usual social and community duties which devolve on any rural minister's family.

KAY BOAS

All this because, 16 years ago, Kay nursed the Reverend Rollo Boas in the Winnipeg General Hospital and later married him. At that time he had a prairie parish, but in 1944 he joined the Columbia Coast Mission and found himself at Whaletown, British Columbia, reading tidetables instead of timetables. He also found himself with some 2,000 parishioners scattered over several hundred square miles of water and rocky islands. To visit them he had the 35-foot mission ship *Rendezvous* — called "God's Little Steamboat" by the irreverent.

KAY didn't know a clove hitch from a rubbing strake, but it didn't take her long to learn. She became Rollo's crew and consolation as he logged 7,000 miles a year and held services—sometimes six a Sunday—on logging floats, in schools, lonely cabins, sheds, the great outdoors or the *Rendezvous'* little cabin.

Kay's soprano led the singing and her infectious laugh boosted drooping spirits. She was guide, confidante and friend to hundreds of lonely women. As the only trained nurse within 500 miles—and one with three years' dental experience besides—she could have filled every moment of her time caring for the sick. As it was she never knew what hour of the day or night she would get an emergency call for birth, death or suffering in between.

THAT'S the way it is today too, except that Rollo has a helper now and so Kay can stay home a bit more with their two daughters, Louise, 12 and Yvonne, 10, whom she tutored until last September. Also, there are more trained nurses on that section of the Pacific coast. But any time Kay can look around the dining table and see just her own family—which includes a brother, Nigel—is an occasion.

When she can go through a whole day without dressing the burns of a man whose gas boat has exploded, applying a tourniquet to the arm of a woman who has axe-severed an artery, providing shelter for a pregnant wife stormbound on her way to the Campbell River Hospital or persuading a refugee from domestic blitz to stop awhile and think it over—well, a day like that is hardly worth mentioning; it happens so seldom.

The second Friday of each month the rectory is torn to pieces so that Drs. Hall and Rose from Campbell River can set up a medical-dental clinic there. On such mornings you may walk in to find Kay flourishing a piece of breakfast toast in one hand while she dusts desperately with the other. Later she assists both doctors and in between concocts a hearty meal for family and guests.

Soon, however, the John Antle Memorial Clinic will be opened next door and everyone will be happier.

This clinic is the second of two castles in Spain which these energetic missionaries dreamed up when they first came to Whaletown. The first was a little red and white church on the other side of the rectory and that came true last August when the Church of St. John the Baptist was dedicated. Into that church went years of prayer, planning, campaigning for funds and back-breaking work on the part of Kay and her good-looking husband.

All this would make the average woman wither rapidly, but 42-year-old Kay has the figure of a model, the sort of ankle that gets whistled at and a flair for clothes that tempts other females to break the tenth Commandment. She never wears make-up, except a light dash of lipstick when she's very tired; "No use making other people feel the way I do!" Her frosted dark hair curls naturally above friendly brown eyes in a rose-brown face.

HER MIND doesn't wear make-up either. Nothing sugar-syrupy about Kay Boas. She is as astringent as the salt wind that blows over Whaletown and just as refreshing. She has a lot of tact, but isn't afraid to say what she thinks of anything or anybody.

"When I don't like a situation, I change it," she declares. "With God's help."

God has helped this mission minister's wife to change a good many situations since she was born Kathleen Harrington in Wapella, Saskatchewan. Her father was the Rev. Charles Harrington, head of the Railroad Mission which followed the steel. Kay was seven before she saw a tree and the family of 6 were lucky if they saw $40 a month in cash at any time. Things have always been hard, but never hopeless.

"I refuse to believe that we are going to have ill health or go hungry, physically or spiritually," said Kay.

Now for seven years Kay Boas, as First Lady of those hundreds of square miles between Lund and Stuart Island, has been living "the best of all possible lives for me". Her name lights up faces all over the BC coast and salt water dwellers praise her with:

"You can always depend on Kay. She's a going concern."

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BAYER

FASHIONS

FINE FEATHERS FOR FALL

FASHION INTEREST is always highlighted by lovely fashion shows . . . where the whole fashion viewpoint parades before you . . . new fabrics, new colors, new silhouettes . . .

THE ESSENTIAL FACTS of Eaton's Fall fashion show—and of 1951-2 styles in general—were neatly summed up by commentator Dora Matthews as she ticked off the following points: Fabric textures so unusual, so magnificent they steal the show (Hardy Amies' wonderful paddy green poodle cloth coat) . . . choice of slender silhouette balanced by top weight (black velvet suit with straight hanging jacket over very slim skirt) or the belted or unbelted princess line with full skirt made fuller by petticoats and/or crinoline (Fath's brown taffeta dress with wide-flung spiral pleated skirt) . . . waistlines where nature put them; and shoulders on their own again without benefit of padding; little attention to skirt lengths but sleeves up to all sorts of new tricks.

One of the most fashion-wise numbers in this show was Balenciaga's black ottoman suit with split-personality jacket which manages to be slim and fitted in front, is full and free-swinging at the back and topped with a collar so high it touches the ears. And prophetic of things to come is a velvet-trimmed peacock blue-and-black check suit by Desses. Its skirt has a back thrust just like the skirts worn by Charles Dana Gibson's beauties of the early 1900's—and it should appeal to the beauties of 1951-2, too.

Jacques Fath, Dior, Balmain—practically every top house of the Paris couture, together with those of England, Canada and the U.S.—were represented on the runway of this splendidly staged show.

Everyone in the audience received a miniature indelible lipstick in the "Sporting Pink" shade by Helena Rubinstein.

SIMPSON'S FASHION SHOW featured 34 designers . . . Paris, London, New York Switzerland and Canada . . . in its "Designers' Collection", with emphasis on elegance and nary a sports costume except a few fetching skating ones by Teddy Tinling of Gussie's-lace-panties-fame.

Princess Elizabeth's coming visit centred interest in the Hardy Amies and Normal Hartnell originals . . . including a figure-moulding pleated lime sheath in contrast to the usual Hartnell crinolines . . .

Fashion forecasts . . . in coats, anything from the narrow wraparound with silver fox cuffs by Madeleine Casilino to the bulky burnt-orange pyramid by Braunschweig of Switzerland . . . with the eye appeal in late afternoon dresses shifting from the carmel organza lantern sleeves of a black faille by Casalino to the pleated 4-tiered skirt of a black taffeta by Swiss Haller . . .

Fabulous materials . . . not last year's daring décolleté . . . make headlines in grand-entrance ball gowns . . . whether a slender sheath of red lace (topped by a "King and I" mandarin coat) by Monte-Sano of New York or a peacock-spreading bouffant like Canadian Hildebrand's green satin crinoline with mink trim . . .

Hats are mostly small . . . opulently or sparingly trimmed . . . with height the newness . . . and for a new lip flattery, twin lipstick souvenirs by Elizabeth Arden . . . vibrant "Striking" to be worn under "Paradise Pink."

Commentator was Rosemary Boxer.

DISTAFF

A WORLD "Y" GATHERING

—Palmer

MRS. J. L. SAVAGE

■ This October the YWCA World Council Meeting is to be held in Lebanon. Representing the 47 Canadian Associations of 40,000 women and girls will be National President MRS. J. L. SAVAGE, OBE, Executive Director LILLIAN THOMSON, Mutual Service Convener MRS. WALTER C. REAN, all of Toronto, and DR. OLGA JARDINE of Victoria. Also going—but not as delegates—are EVA COON, Executive Director of Toronto's YWCA, EVA KAUFMAN who spent many years as a YWCA Secretary in Japan, and ESTELLE AMARON, for many years a Y Secretary in Rangoon and now en route to Sierra Leone, Africa.

Special events have been arranged by the Canadian groups to raise funds to send the delegates. Some have based their giving on the idea it costs 12c a mile—a practical, eye-catching way of making the expenses seem personal.

Lebanon was chosen for the meeting because the Middle East is the birthplace of civilization, because today it is a kind of frontier post between East and West, and because it will strengthen YWCA associations in this largely Moslem area by having a world Christian gathering there.

■ Quebec Government bursaries to further their musical studies have been won by pianist CLAIRE DORVAL, daughter of organist of Chambly Basin, and by mezzo-soprano IRENE BLAUKOPF of Montreal.

■ Reelected to a second term as President of the NB Catholic Women's League was MRS. W. E. MCMONAGLE of Moncton.

■ Registering this Fall at McMaster University, Hamilton, will be ELLEN SWINTON of Brantford, Ont.—winner of the Brantford-Paris regional scholarship to McMaster. Ellen's score . . . nine first class honors out of nine upper school subjects!

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Elizabeth Arden

SIMPSON'S, TORONTO

And At Smartest Shops in Every Town

■ A Toronto girl, FREDA EASTI, who attended Carlton College, Ottawa, has been appointed as Director of the Placement and Field Relations Office at Pratt Institute School of Home Economics, Brooklyn, NY.

■ A new kind of summer job was obtained by Senior Matriculant JENNIFER MCVICAR of Toronto. She went to Moose Factory, Ont., as temporary school supervisor of 80 small Indian and Eskimo children. She wrote her mother, Kay McVicar, about three weddings she attended; was disappointed to find the brides wore satin and not native costumes.

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GUEST CHEF

THREE FOR THE GOURMET

by Eddie Doucette

FROM MY COLLECTION of favorite recipes, I offer the following and I hope they'll become yours. The first is a perennial favorite of the mortals, and one that I feel everyone would like to make though most think it is too complicated.

The secret of French Onion Soup is in the broth and a bit of monosodium glutamate. Right away one would say, "That's it, the broth. I can't—or have not time to—make the broth." This modern era we're living in is wonderful, and that "hard-to-make" broth is as near to you as your nearest grocery store. Bouillon in cans is the secret and if you follow the simple instructions French Onion Soup will be on your menu as a taste thriller.

French Onion Soup

6 large onions
¼ cup butter
2 quarts beef broth
Salt and pepper to taste
1½ teaspoons monosodium glutamate
Rounds of toast
Parmesan cheese

Peel and slice onions. Melt butter in saucepan or earthen soup casserole. Add onion rings and sauté until just golden in color. (Do not brown them.) Add beef broth which has been seasoned to taste with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate. Simmer 30 minutes. Place toast rounds (one to each person) on top of hot soup in the casserole or in individual soup bowls. Sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Place momentarily under broiler or in hot oven (450°F) until cheese is golden brown. Serve hot. Serve extra grated cheese on the side. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Note: ½ cup of dry sherry will add to the flavor.

Almost everyone from youngsters to oldsters perks up when chicken is featured as the main dish and I'm no exception. So, I offer my favorite in this old French classic. Simple to prepare, it makes a pleasant change.

Spring Chicken Sauté Chasseur

3 tablespoons butter
2- to 2½ pound chicken (cut in serving pieces)
4 shallots, chopped
2 teaspoons monosodium glutamate
1 tablespoon salt

FLOWERING SHRUBS

			Each
FORSYTHIA	2-3	ft.	$ .70
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FRENCH LILACS in variety	2-3	ft.	2.50
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JAPANESE QUINCE	18-24	ins.	.70

For complete list with description of Evergreens, Trees, Shrubs, Perennials and Roses, send for CATALOGUE. Free on request.

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- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 1 pound mushrooms (large, cut in quarters)
- 1 cup dry white wine
- 1 pound tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and diced
- 1 cup chicken broth or consomme
- 2 tablespoons chopped parsley and chives

Heat butter in heavy skillet, large enough to accommodate chicken and ingredients. Add chicken and sauté to a golden brown. Add chopped shallots, monosodium glutamate, salt, pepper, and mushrooms. Cover and let simmer few minutes. Add white wine, diced tomatoes, and chicken broth; cover and cook slowly until chicken is done. Remove to casserole, sprinkle with parsley and chives. Serves 6.

Anyone with a little imagination can really shine when it comes to salads. The welcome addition to any meal is the simple green or garden salad with a tangy French dressing. This can be made of any number of greens, mixed or separate. Most popular are romaine, endive, watercress, escarole, and lettuce. Dandelion greens and young spinach can be used, and for color — sliced radishes, carrot slivers or cucumber slices.

Greens should be washed in cold water, shaken dry and allowed to drain off excess moisture on towels. Salads should be mixed just before serving with a tangy French dressing.

French Dressing

Rub a bowl with a clove of garlic and put in these ingredients:

- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- ¼ teaspoon dry mustard
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
- 1 teaspoon chopped chives
- ¼ teaspoon oregano (optional)
- ½ cup olive oil
- ¼ cup red wine vinegar
- 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar

Mix all dry ingredients well and blend with olive oil and vinegars. Keep and mix well before service to salad greens. If you prefer the tarragon flavor over the bland, or vice versa, use it to your taste.

■ For that different touch add 1/3-½ cup plumped raisins to lemon pie filling made according to your favorite recipe or packaged mix. To plump raisins, steam in a sieve over hot water or simmer briefly, then drain. Assemble pie as usual.

■ To bake cookies quickly use two metal cookie sheets at a time. Arrange racks to divide oven in thirds. Place pans so heat can circulate on all sides. The two batches of cookies will come out looking like identical twins.

BRAIN-TEASER

QUICK, THE BARTLETT!

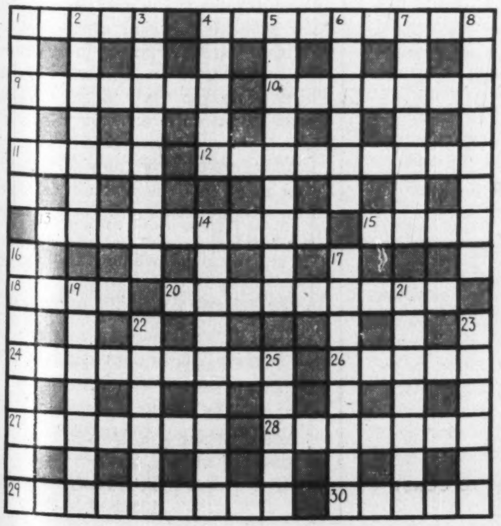
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. See 29.
4. 13 without that cheap appearance. (9)
9. See 29.
10. He said that 29, 1 across, 9, is more 23 than the 18. (7)
11. The story of the seaman and the elf? (5)
12. Make the weak strong in the bar. (9)
13. They may assume an epic shape to the gourmand. (5,4)
15. The child starts to gossip. (4)
18. See 10.
20. Wells was a worldly one, as it were. (9)
24. The capitalist has many, no doubt. (9)
26. See 29, 1 across and 9. (5)
27. Hit Pete with a stinging one, perhaps. (7)
28. And I see it cures flatulence. (7)
29, 1 across and 9. One of the 26, but not the gander, for example. (3,6,2,3,7)
30. In which you may test your perceptive qualities! (5)

DOWN

1. How to make boneheads? (6)
2. "I . . . . for my country when I reflect that God is just". (Thos. Jefferson) (7)
3. Cardinal? Certainly a follower of his. (8)
4. This, under study, perhaps, mixes one up. (5)
5. The cut of Brutus. (9)
6. Stand to be made by Agincourt survivors at the name of Crispian. (3-3)
7. Gray's was to a youth of unknown fame. (7)
8. Gets men's bodies cut up into them. (8)
14. Paste it on Christmas cards? (9)
16. In more ways than one I'm beginning to be threatening. (8)
17. He gives you the inside dope, as it were. (8)
19. The work of a cross carpenter? (7)
21. Peter Pan quality. (7)
22. In short, he isn't bald! (6)
23. See 10.
25. A Briton be one? Never, never, never! (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Disc jockey
6. See 28
10. Flotsam
11. Exempts
12. Mendicant
13. Thorn
14. Geneva
16. Carmine
18. Adjunct
20. Nipper
23. Pay up
24. Buttercup
26. Tiepins
27. Bassoon
28 and 6. Nota Bene
29. Attendance

DOWN

1. Defame
2. Spoon
3. Justice
4. Combatant
5. Event
7. Explosive
8. Essences
9. Nectar
15. Enjoyment
16. Constable
17. Rasputin
19. Napkin
21. Pleased
22. Sponge
24. Beset
25. Crown

(176)

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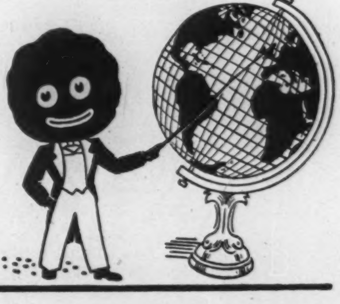

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EATON'S . . . CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION . . . STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

OPEN LETTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

tion of the forward pass, the whole thing becomes even more inexplicable, especially in view of the fact that where the two codes have been fairly compared, the Canadian game has won the raves.

Hockey

The dropping of amateurism by the CAHA seemed to me something that was going to take hockey out of small places. Has the OHA as many teams as it ever had or not?

The CAHA has not officially "dropped" amateurism. It would still like to maintain the pretense wherever possible. But while the increased professionalism of "amateur" hockey has had far-reaching and on the whole deleterious effects, one of them has not been to take hockey out of small places. Just wait for TV.

The OHA reports that it has today *more* teams than it has ever had before: some 150 directly under it, with many more affiliated, encompassing in all about 50,000 players, of all ages.

The present confused and hypocritical set-up hits hardest at the good hockey player, the senior or junior boy of "A" calibre.

These lads are introduced to the cut-throat financial competition of modern pro sport at a time when they should be worrying over their school grades. They are forced to live the lie of amateurism while they are actually on the payroll, to all intents and purposes, of a major league club.

The latest attempt to cash in on the lush profits of amateur hockey was the institution of the "Major" series, for "amateur" leagues whose payrolls took them out of normal "Senior A" classification. For these, the Alexander Cup was donated. The finals in Toronto last year drew throngs of around 1,000 into Maple Leaf Gardens, and this year in Ontario the Major series is a dead duck.

Lacrosse

Is this game progressing, retrogressing, or are the same few towns still playing that had teams thirty years ago?

It is a fair bet that not one out of 100 Canadians has seen a game of his national sport in the past ten years. It can probably be said generally that the sport is being played in the same towns where it was most popular thirty years ago. Only in those places could it possibly have survived the general debacle which befell it.

All sports experts know (they say) what killed lacrosse: excessive roughness. No one seems to know what can revive it.

The only place where Canada's national sport is truly thriving today is in the eastern American universities. It is very sad.

Thanking you in anticipation, I am
Yours sincerely,
Dr. H. W. Hewetson

And thanking *you*, Doctor, for your pertinent questions, I am

Yours despondently,
Kimball McIlroy

THE LIGHTER SIDE

The Token Resistance

by Mary Lowrey Ross

"WELL, how do you like it?" Mrs. Thripp asked.

"It's all right," Mr. Thripp said restlessly.

Mrs. Thripp took the hat off and examined it and Mr. Thripp picked up the price-tag. "Sixty dollars!" he said, "for that—that pretzel!"

"It isn't a pretzel, it's a Sally Victor model," Mrs. Thripp said, "and it isn't $60, it's only $59.95." She put the hat on again. "Just because you don't wear a hat yourself," she said.

"Well, you're not getting any $60 hat," Mr. Thripp said, "that's definite." Mrs. Thripp turned to the salesgirl. "You might bring me something in the $40 range," she said.

She would try everything in the $40 range and everything in the $50 range and in the end would discover that the $60 pretzel was the only thing in the store fit to wear. "Over my dead body," Mr. Thripp said and walking away went to the far end of the department where he stood staring gloomily at the Untrimmed Shapes.

Eighty—or was it ninety?—per cent of the nation's buying was done by women. Staring across the Untrimmed Shapes at the store's customers Mr. Thripp reflected bitterly on the folly of leaving the nation's bedevilled economics at the mercy of creatures so witless and irresponsible. Someone touched his elbow. "Can you direct me to the finger-tip towels?" a customer asked.

Mr. Thripp wheeled. "Far corner of the building," he said, "second basement."

"The *second* basement?" the customer said.

"RECENTLY opened," Mr. Thripp said, and added briskly, "and while you're there, Madam, take a look at our Finger-Tip Trowels in the Gardening Department. Everything you need for your fall planting and only $35."

She thanked him and hurried away, leaving him staring after her. Apparently there was no limit to the cupidity and credulity of the female customer. Suddenly he resolved to put it to the test. Striking his hands smartly behind his back he began a slow patrol of the aisles. With his important figure and well-brushed hair he looked every inch the floor supervisor, and a customer stopped him almost at once to inquire where she could get a Sit-Down Ironing Board.

"Over in the new annex across the subway," Mr. Thripp said.

"You mean the subway runs *through* the store!" the customer said, and Mr. Thripp smiled. "It would be more accurate to say that our establishment overruns the subway," he said, and turned to meet a customer who wanted to know where she could find the Revolving Charge Accounts office.

MR. THRIPP told her—in the far corner of the building, top floor—and urged her to look into the new Revolving Bathroom Fixture system now being demonstrated in the basement. She thanked him and hurried away.

To a matron looking for circular pillow-casing he recommended a two-manual pipe-organ on sale at $1,500 in the music department. To another he suggested she investigate an electric ice-warmer in the Overseas Gift Department. Both customers expressed immediate interest.

Emboldened by this he decided to effect some changes in store policy. "I'm afraid there is nothing I can do," he said to the customer who complained of indifferent treatment in the Feather Mounts. "Our new policy is that the sales-staff is always right". . . "We do not recommend treatments unless we believe they will be effective," he said to another, who had asked the way to the Cosmetics Salon. He studied her face thoughtfully. It reminded him of an old brick wall, unsuccessfully painted. "Better give the whole thing up," he said sympathetically.

SHORTLY after this Mr. Thripp became aware that he was being watched. Someone in plain clothes was unmistakably shadowing him. "Better get out of this," he muttered, and hurried through the Knitwear, the Hobbycraft section, the Shetland Wool and the Shades, and came at last to the Millinery Section, where Mrs. Thripp still sat. She was wearing the Sally Victor hat.

"Have you gone crazy?" Mrs. Thripp asked. He only laughed strangely, and she didn't know whether to be alarmed or relieved. "Anyway it was worth $59.95," she said. "A Sally Victor hat does something for you."

The battle of the male wage-earner against the female consumer would never be won, he realized. But it was something to put up a token resistance; it did, undoubtedly do something for you.

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FILMS

MORAL DILEMMA

by Mary Lowrey Ross

IT ISN'T MUCH wonder that the Old Testament stories are irresistible to the West Coast studios. The great legends are there in all their ancient simplicity, merely waiting to be filled in and illustrated; and Hollywood has every material asset to deal with them—crowds, camels, technicolor, casting bureaux, budgets of Oriental prodigality. All it lacks are narrators on the scale of, say, the chronicler of the Second Book of Samuel.

The chronicler, however, had his advantages too. He took his moral code direct from the Mosaic law, which was universally accepted and didn't, like the Johnson code, invite hedging. In addition he had the gift of inspired utterance, a faculty that would hardly advance him in the studios and might easily disqualify him altogether.

Starting early with the incident of Bathsheba's roof-top bath, "David and Bathsheba" finds itself almost immediately in a moral dilemma that would never have occurred to the writer of the Second Book of Samuel. From the point of view of the ancient narrator, the moral dilemma was David's. Hollywood's predicament on the other hand was that David's sin had to be simultaneously squared with the legend, the Johnson office, and the personal sympathy of millions of movie-fans.

IN THE END they handed the problem over to the screen writers who did the best they could with the stubborn Scriptural facts. David sinned, but after all Bathsheba was irresistible. Bathsheba erred, but Bathsheba was a neglected wife. Uriah the Hittite was murdered, but Uriah asked for it—literally, in military dispatches, and socially (by our current standards) because he failed to appreciate a sympathetic and stimulating wife. "David and Bathsheba" may be scriptural in origin, but its deductions are close to familiar soap opera.

The studio has assembled here a cast as expensive as the production. Gregory Peck with his dark brooding good looks comes closest to the Mediterranean type, and performs with a dignity and patience that are highly commendable, considering the peculiarities of the script (the Twenty-Third Psalm, along with such interjections as "I was quite a hand with a sling when I was a boy" . . . "That giant gets bigger every year" . . . "Ever been to the Coast?"). Susan Hayward, who plays Bathsheba, is definitely *not* the Mediterranean type, but she is quite at home in a role that could just as easily have been played against a good suburban background. As the Prophet Nathan, Raymond Massey presents the case against David and Bathsheba with all the moral fervor of a screen commentator.

THERE IS an odd parallel between "David and Bathsheba" and the current "The Prowler". In both cases we have an unsatisfactory marriage, an illicit love-affair, the murder of the complicating husband and an ill-timed incriminating pregnancy. There, however, the resemblance ends. "The Prowler" doesn't attempt to discuss the moral problem. It simply sets the situation and then develops it relentlessly, in terms of action, to its tragic conclusion.

Unfortunately perhaps moral brooding, however lofty, is not cinematic, while criminal behavior, however deplorable, is. "The Prowler" is a far livelier and more interesting picture to watch than "David and Bathsheba". It is a rather contrived and sensational study in violence but it is also, on a higher level, a more than usually scrupulous study in human behavior.

Its hero (Van Heflin) is a ruthless policeman, who is far more dangerous than any criminal since he knows how to use the law's protection when he sets out to commit a crime. He is also a man capable of normal human feeling, and it is love as much as cupidity that betrays him as he stumbles his way to disaster. The role is exceptionally well played by Van Heflin, who has given far less impressive performances in far more pretentious pictures.

IN "THE BIG CARNIVAL" Author-Producer-Director Billy Wilder sets out to demonstrate what a widely publicized disaster can do to ordinary nice middle-class people. He makes it depressingly clear that it robs them of all human decency.

This is the story of a reporter (Kirk Douglas) who has been banished from the big-time press for various violations of professional ethics. In an effort to get back to New York he deliberately creates a nation-wide sensation involving the victim of a local cave-in. The imprisoned man could have been released in a few hours but the reporter arranges events to prolong his incarceration for a week, in the meantime feeding the nation's presses and drawing carnival crowds to see the sight.

The result is one of the sharpest studies in morbid crowd-folly ever presented on the screen. Unfortunately the picture is marred by the violent overplaying of Kirk Douglas as the reporter, and by an ending almost as crass and meaningless as the sensationalism the film deplores.

—20th Century-Fox

"DAVID AND BATHSHEBA"

SIR SANDFO
CANADIAN P

STAMP COLLECTORS are meeting in Toronto this week at the first International Stamp Show ever held in the British Empire. V. G. Greene, President of the exhibition, holds a plaque that will be unveiled to the memory of Sir Sandford Fleming, the man who designed Canada's first postage stamp issued in 1851.

TAKE A BOW!

THE EX CLICKED AGAIN

by Rica Farquharson

THE greatest show on earth has flamboyantly folded for another year with the usual criticisms or praise for the Grandstand performance of the Canadian National Exhibition.

Every year thousands of Canadian families pile into cars, complete with picnic lunches and often cooking utensils and folding beds, to take in the World's Largest Annual Exhibition, incorporated 1879. Seeing the Grandstand performance at night is, justifiably, one of the memories to share with folk back home.

This year Jimmy Durante, raucous American sure-fire showman, was billed star attraction. Last year it was Danny Kaye. Before that Olsen and Johnson. These performers are top-drawer funny men in their field but the field is a mechanized one. Could be, it has been overworked.

This 1951 Durante of the big nose, big noise and "moider" appeal was less than sensational. He worked hard at a tough job. It is almost impossible for one man to hold that vast outdoor audience every minute but Durante did it. He is a sure, heavy-footed trouper. He would have succeeded if he had to "tear the joint apart". He won the affection of his associates from interviewers to ushers. It is rumored he has ideas about improving such giant-sized show business. If so, his advice should be heeded.

Homegrown Glamor

Again, the Grandstand Presentation, devised and staged by Leon Leonidoff, had jugglers and tumblers, dancing, singing, parades, corn jokes; gay, befeathered, besilked, in-tights ladies. Sets, lighting, costumes were sensational.

The crowd responded to Canadian touches, familiar skyline, Mountie ballet costumes, unfolding of the coat of arms of each province, precision drill by members of Navy, Army, Air Force, choral ensemble. After such national enthusiasm it was odd to see the party of the Lord Mayor of London instinctively make preparation to stand up when "O Canada" was played to discover the Canadians staying firmly with their seats. This, however, varied with the audiences. Some nights they got up. Some nights they sat down. Some nights it was a combination of both.

"Rhapsody in Blue", a favorite two years ago, was repeated. This superlative dance presentation featuring Nirska, Lois and David Adams and Clyde Allzey, solo pianist, was a stand-out.

"Carmen Pot Pourri" with Regina Resnik, Metropolitan Opera Star, as *Carmen* and Donald Dickson as *Escamillo* seemed to click with the majority.

All in all it was a hit but the idea persists that Canadians prefer really fine music and ballet and sophistication to that which is shoddy. They like the pull on Canadian heart strings that old timers remember wrapped up with thousands of spectators singing a hymn or sentimental song.

Canada abounds in talent. Leonidoff knows this. He spent years in Toronto developing ballet. Some Canadians followed him to New York. He knows Americans' preferences, Canadians' tastes. His brilliant, creative mind can make something out of this knowledge.

There is excitement in knowing Exhibition authorities are giving Canuck motifs another try. This national show may yet be something impossible of creation in another part of the world. This does not mean narrowness: Canada has many racial strains from which to draw inspiration, sophistication and leadership.

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SAME SUSPICIOUS IVAN

by J. L. Charlesworth

JOURNEY FOR OUR TIME — by the Marquis de Custine—*McLeod—$5.25.*

WHILE the original French text of this book was first published more than 100 years ago, it is uncannily up to date. Even in 1839 western Europeans were baffled by, and trying to understand, the Russians. In that year the Marquis de Custine, who today would be called a "fellow-traveller," made a journey from France to Russia, as his modern counterparts do, to discover why the government of the Czar was superior to the democracy of the West.

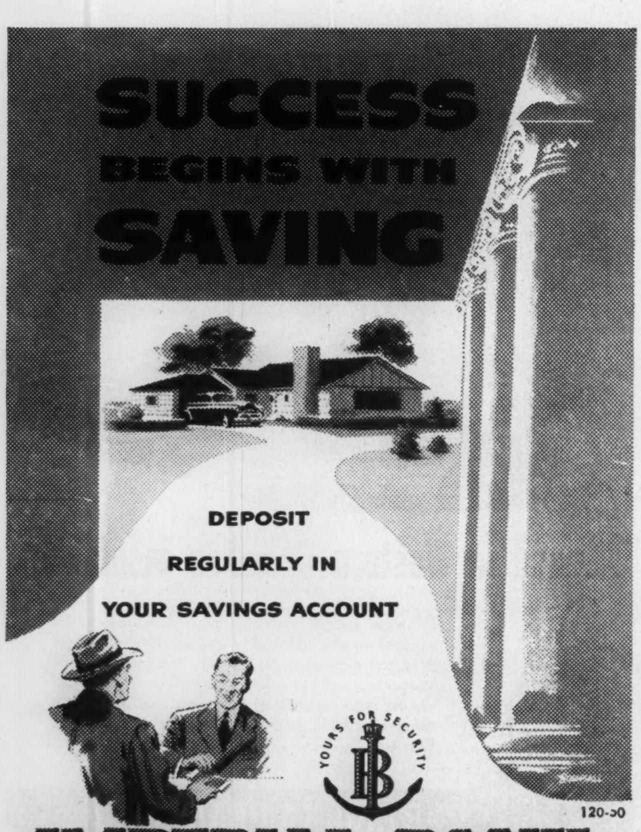
Luckily for us he kept a journal, in the form of letters, and he soon was astute enough to realize that he could never safely entrust these letters to the Russian post office. Thus, when he returned, he had a complete record of his observations, written with his experiences fresh in his mind and with a keenness of perception that is the mark of a good reporter. The present book, a selection from the original work, is translated by Phyllis Penn Kohler, who lived in Moscow from 1947 to 1949, when her husband was on the staff of the American Embassy there.

The Marquis approached Russia with sincere good will, predisposed to find things to praise, but he was soon disillusioned. Everywhere he encountered signs of the Czar's secret police. He found the people degraded by the despotism under which they suffered, distrustful of each other and of strangers.

Even the upper classes were essentially as unhappy as the serfs, for nobles and middle classes alike were insecure in their positions. The despotism of the Czar was bolstered by the same type of system as Stalin has restored.

Reading the book and drawing the parallels it inevitably suggests one is forced to believe that the Russians are incurably barbarian by Western standards, and that it is useless to expect them to be civilized within any near period of time. The book does suggest, as do some modern events, that the Russians will respect a show of force, if they are convinced that the those who show the force mean business.

The book has an introduction written by Lieut.-Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, former U.S. ambassador to Moscow, who confirms from his own experience the impression that Russian despotism is the same under Czar Stalin as under Czar Nicholas.



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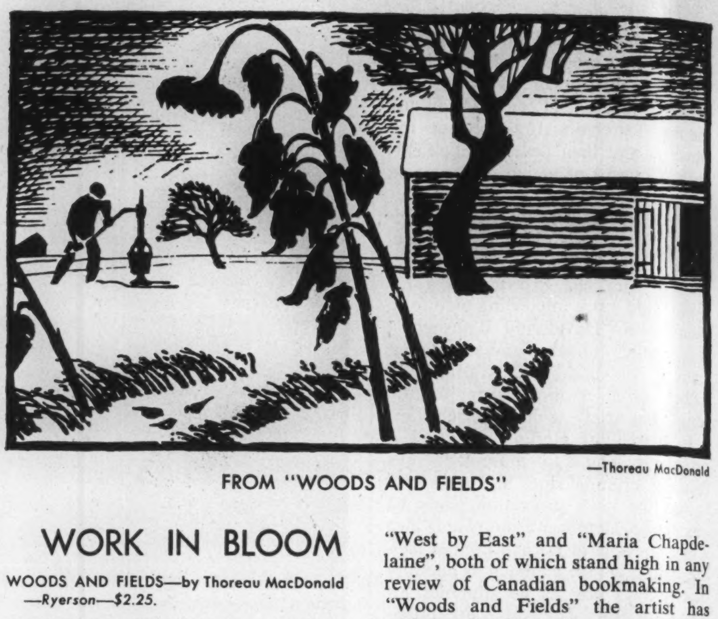


—Thoreau MacDonald

FROM "WOODS AND FIELDS"

WORK IN BLOOM

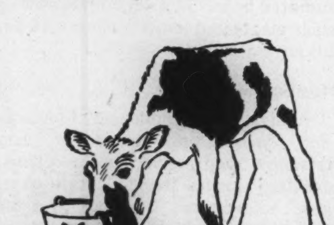
WOODS AND FIELDS—by Thoreau MacDonald —*Ryerson—$2.25.*

GRAPHIC ARTIST Thoreau MacDonald has devoted most of his fifty-one years to the illustrating and ornamenting of Canadian books. The pages of dozens of volumes have been brightened and illumined by his sparkling line drawings and engravings. "Woods and Fields" is a collection of major and incidental drawings in the simple and demanding medium which he has mastered in a manner uniquely his own.

Son of the late, great J. E. H. MacDonald, Thoreau early learned exacting standards of craftsmanship and an understanding of design from his famous father. During the 1920's, he emerged as one of the nation's best black-and-white artists with a series of drawings for the *Canadian Forum.* These precise, economical conceptions with their feeling for the apt detail, decorated that journal for almost a decade and won for the artist a solid reputation as an interpreter of the Ontario countryside.

The quiet-spoken designer's devotion to bookmaking later found an outlet in his own "Woodchuck Press", from which issued a series of illustrated brochures about native birds and animals. The titles of such illustrated tracts as "A Year at the Farm", "A Few Old Gates at Thornhill" and "Some Tools of the Pioneers" were as much a clue to the man's character as the Christian name he bears. Like the writer of Walden, MacDonald has a love of isolation, a few choice friends and the close comradeship of the woods and its creatures' ways.

Among MacDonald's most important illustrating achievements were "West by East" and "Maria Chapdelaine", both of which stand high in any review of Canadian bookmaking. In "Woods and Fields" the artist has added a slim but telling volume to his achievement. The 70 drawings in it possess a closely considered simplicity, bespeaking a deep-seated affection for the earth. In such drawings as "Marsh Hawks and Waving Grain", "Red Shoulder Hawks" and "Minnesing Swamp", the unique fruits of Thoreau MacDonald's life work may be seen at their full bloom. —*P.D.*



—Thoreau MacDonald

THE REAL PEOPLE

THE BOOK OF CANADIAN ACHIEVEMENT— by Helen Palk—*Dent—$3.75.*

IT IS not often that a reviewer finds himself really well satisfied with a book which is obviously a "made" one —the product of a publisher's design rather than an author's inspiration. But the late Miss Palk—her death occurred between the completion of the MS and the book's emergence from the press—was so competent a craftsman, whether writing for the young people of Manitoba or for Canadians of all provinces and all ages, that the first feeling one has on laying down this volume is that it is a job well done.

This does not mean that it is a book to be read for delight in its style, for Miss Palk is capable of ending an otherwise good chapter on Thomas Raddall with such an uninforming assertion as that his stories "are so absorbing that it is not difficult to understand why the author's skill as a teller of tales is, indeed, a Canadian achievement." But perhaps Mr. Raddall was a difficult subject to sum up in a concluding sentence.

Of 52 short chapters, 31 are devoted to personalities—if we may describe the Group of Seven as a personality—and 21 to institutions of various kinds, ranging from Canadian citizenship to the Polymer industry and from bush pilots to the CBC. What we particularly like is that there is not a politician, alive or dead, in the whole book, and Ned Pratt is the nearest thing to a clergyman. The achievers are scientists, poets, painters, a skater, an inventor, some radio people, some farmers. No trade-union leaders—yet. But several hockey players, and Percy Williams. Miss Palk knew her "achievements." —*B.K.S.*

BUSINESS FRONT

West, Too, Turning from Farms to Cities?

by Jack McArthur

THE WESTERN farmer has been making a lot of noise of late. He has been talking—more seriously than ever before—of a farm strike that, if successful, could tie the nation's food supply into knots.

Informed opinion, in western as in eastern Canada, has generally been that a farm strike would have little lasting effect, because farmers—notorious individualists—would not act together for very long. It is pointed out that prairie farm unions represent fewer than 20 per cent of the farmers in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. It is argued that farm prices, particularly those for pork and beef, are better than ever before. Yet persons close to the farm organizations and the prairie political scene are not so sure that real trouble won't develop.

Oddly enough, one of the reasons for worry is that western farmers do not swing as much weight in affairs as they once did. At first glance, this statement may sound strange, since the farmers are most certainly as vocal as ever.

But make no mistake, the farmers still rule the West politically speaking, though not nearly so absolutely as they once did. No more than 14 years ago, as the depression of the '30's drew to a painful close, the farmer was still the absolute ruler of the western flatlands. There was no challenger.

Today, there is a challenger. New and powerful forces are to be reckoned with. They are centred in the ever-growing cities—where oil and mineral-induced prosperity is inevitably focused. An increasing number of businessmen and laborers have no direct interest in agriculture.

No proof is needed for the contention that western cities are growing at the expense of the rural areas. During World War II, while Saskatchewan lost about 200,000 people to the rest of Canada (if natural increase is taken into account) Saskatchewan cities grew slightly in population. The same trend exists in Manitoba and Alberta. It has become a political and economic truism that "our people are leaving the farm". That statement is heard now at every session of every prairie legislature.

"Keep 'Em on Farm?"

Some politicians say the answer is more rural electrification and additional conveniences, but it has never been proved that such labor savers do anything but make it easier for the farmers' sons to leave for the city or the northern frontier because they no longer have to carry water or milk cows.

It is not hard to see the handwriting in Alberta. In the foothills province, oil is big news. More and more people are working for oil companies, selling to them or doctoring and retailing to their employees. Edmonton now has 170,000 people and the farm economy didn't put them there. Plentiful and cheap oil and natural gas promise to provide a basis for many new industries in Alberta.

And in Manitoba the pattern has been evident, though not so prominent, for some years. Winnipeg is the gateway to the West and as such is partially supported by farmers who buy the machinery, autos and other supplies which are funneled through the largest prairie city. But the fewer farmers there are, the less dependent Winnipeg becomes upon them and there are fewer farmers, yet Winnipeg still grows.

Saskatchewan provides an excellent example of the change. It is the province which has been most rural, most erratic in its politics (notwithstanding Alberta and its Social Credit party) and—in the language of the public school textbooks—"the breadbasket of Canada." Today, however, in Saskatchewan the politicians are heralding the dawn of a new era in the wheat province. Premier T. C. Douglas says he is sure the next few years will see the discovery of oil and uranium which will combine to bring riches undreamed of no more than ten years ago. In seeming agreement, oil companies are drilling scores of deep test-holes in the province and will next year drill offsets to these.

A city to eventually accommodate 5,000 is being literally hewn out of the wilderness in Saskatchewan's Lake Athabasca region just south of the North West Territories. The name of this most northerly of cities? Uranium City!

There are figures to back up the contention that there has been a trend away from the farm. Farm production remains high—higher than ever before—but has not gained proportionately with mineral and industrial output and investment. Less manpower is now required to man farms than once was the case. Hence the drop in rural population.

How about the oil and uranium section of Saskatchewan's economy? In terms of dollars, it is important now and gives promise of becoming suddenly much more important in the near future. It is estimated by government officials that the total new oil investment in Saskatchewan this year will be well over $20 million, with this figure being limited only by a shortage of equipment. Drilling rigs are "scarcer than hens' teeth," in the words of one resources department official. Uranium investment is expected to run to over $7 million this year in Saskatchewan.

SASKATCHEWAN Farmers' Union Chief, Joe Phelps. In any political action by the farmers, he would play a leading role.

These totals are the largest ever for the wheat province, but are almost certain to be bettered in 1952, when oil companies begin to drill their offsets and mineral and uranium development in north makes itself felt.

New Economic Groups

These figures do not begin to compare with the multi-million dollar investment in agriculture, but, for the first time, there are economic groups emerging in Saskatchewan and the other two prairie provinces whose interests are neither identical nor similar to those of the farmers. Recent farmer complaints that agriculture is being squeezed out of its fair share of the national income can be regarded partially as a reaction to the present political and economic preoccupation with oil and minerals.

The political effect of these considerations is difficult to gauge, but there is certain to be much noise and confusion in the near future. Some observers are even predicting that a large mass of disgruntled farmers will leave the Liberal party. Whom they would support is another subject for argument. No present major party seems to offer exactly what farmers want.

Hence the possibility exists of the formation, eventually, of a political movement based on the western farm organizations. Such a political growth would likely begin on a provincial level—probably in Saskatchewan—and grow in scope with the farmers' real or fancied grievances.

—Imperial Oil

ON THE LEFT, a rival for the farmer. Oil and minerals are expanding factors in west's economy, and get political priority.

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BUSINESS ANGLE

PRESSURE ON OTTAWA

by P. M. Richards

WHERE wage agreements with escalator clauses are not already in existence, every rise in the cost-of-living index brings new demands on employers for wage increases. But many managements are less disposed to grant such increases than they might have been a few months ago, and in many cases less able to do so.

Most companies whose production has no defence or other "essentiality" status are now less prosperous than they used to be. The effects of the Government's tight-money policy have now worked deeply into the productive system; companies which have long been hard-pressed for materials and equipment are now also feeling sharply the anti-inflation restrictions on bank lending and instalment buying and the effects of the corporation and personal income tax boosts. These companies' volume is down and they can do with less labor.

They are pressing Ottawa for a substantial relaxation of the whole restriction policy; the labor unions demand that price controls be substituted. Behind them, provincial and municipal governments are complaining that Ottawa's money policy has been preventing the carrying out of essential programs.

It is evident that the opening of the new session of Parliament on October 9 will bring a barrage of criticism from the various interests directly affected. But the Government will do its best to resist. It will almost certainly make some concessions but we may expect that there will be nothing like total abandonment of its contraction-at-the-source policy. The Government is painfully aware of the continuing strength of inflationary pressures. It knows too that existing surpluses of labor are only local, that expansionary developments across the country are such that the prospect, if not the present position, is one of an actual overall shortage of labor, and it will not readily make concessions that would militate against the efficient use of the country's labor resources.

GOLD AND IMF

AS WAS expected, the governors of the International Monetary Fund at their Washington meeting did not act on the big question of permitting sales of gold for industrial use at premium prices, other than to hand the issue on to their executive committee for consideration and recommendation. Actually the IMF staff has been studying this contentious issue for months, and the task of the executive will be that of deciding on what, if any, action shall be taken.

The issue goes right to the roots of the IMF, as South Africa outstandingly, and several other countries in lesser degree, have long been contravening the regulations by selling gold on the "free market" for more than the official $35 an ounce. Canada has held to the regulations so far but, with its gold mining industry severely pinched between long-rising costs and a fixed price for its product, is becoming increasingly restive. The IMF fears that granting the relaxation may lead to effectual break down of its currency-stabilization effort and give further impetus to world inflation, but that refusal to concede anything will result in its own more or less complete loss of effectiveness.

The probability seems to be that the executive will recommend the authorization of limited sales of gold in the so-called open market, on a percentage-of-production basis, but no increase in the official gold price at this time.

PRODUCTIVITY

HOW CAN we beat inflation? Can it be beaten? Labor doesn't answer that directly but it demands price controls and it insists, above everything, that persistent increases in the cost of living must be balanced by repeated increases in wages. But this, clearly, is no remedy; since inflation is primarily due to an over-supply of money in relation to the goods available, it's no good raising wages if higher wages mean merely that there is more money to spend on the same amount of goods.

More convincing than this is the business management argument that the only sound method of overcoming inflation is to increase the production of goods, so that there will be more goods available to absorb the over-abundant money. But there's a flaw in that too; ordinarily the production of more goods will require correspondingly larger payments for wages and materials, so that the money supply is increased along with the goods.

Narrowing it down, the basic truth seems to be that to beat inflation, or hold it in check, we require higher productivity, not merely a larger volume of production. The difference is an important one. Higher productivity means a larger outturn per man-hour worked—so that the man at the factory machine produces more goods for the same pay as before, as the result of working more assiduously or using a better machine. Thus there are more goods to set against the purchasing power represented by the worker's wage, which is truly anti-inflationary.

In contrast, an increase in the total volume of production may be, and commonly is, achieved without any rise in individual productivity, by increasing the number of machines and workers or by working the present machines and workers overtime—with, in the latter case, not only the payment of wages for the additional hours worked but a higher rate of wages, probably "time-and-a-half" or "double-time". Here additional purchasing power has been created to offset the additional supply of goods, and if overtime, with its higher wage rates, has been a big factor in bringing about the increase in the volume of production, the effect is definitely inflationary.

Of course, the high domestic costs of production are not the only factor in our inflation. There are also extraneous factors over which we have little or no control such as the inflated costs of labor and materials in the prices we pay for our imports. We can't do much about them, but we can hold down our domestic costs by increasing our individual productivity. It appears to involve some sacrifice. But note that it also promises to pay dividends, collective and individual.

BASIC EDUCATION

BACK IN 1946 the late Dr. Fletcher Peacock, then President of the Canadian Education Association, suggested to the Canadian Manufacturers' Association at its annual convention that the latter should initiate a study of the effectiveness of secondary school education. Subsequent meetings of officials of the CEA and industrial, business and labor groups, which provided the finances for the study, produced the Canadian Research Committee on Practical Education on which all these groups are represented. After a four-year investigation, the Committee reported last week at the annual convention of the Canadian Education Association in Saskatoon.

In the main, the report advocates more emphasis on "the three r's" rather than on highly specialized vocational training in secondary schools. It stresses that the aim of education is to produce good citizens who are capable of individual thinking.

As a main part of its four-year investigation of secondary schools the committee surveyed 12,124 high school graduates and 14,219 who failed to complete their secondary education. The committee also received reports from many employers of these young people. The report notes two important findings from the surveys which were assisted by committees in all provinces except Newfoundland which was not part of Canada when the job was started. These are that 35 per cent of the pupils who enter Grade VII never graduate from high school. And that the majority of the young people are lacking in ability to express themselves both orally and in writing and in the fundamentals of arithmetic.

That the student may benefit as much as possible from instruction in the basic subjects, "specific training for the individual pupil for particular occupations should be deferred as long as possible," the report recommends. Emphasis in vocational training should be on "development of basic skills and sound work habits rather than highly specialized skills," it adds.

While the committee suggests a number of steps that might check the tendency of students to leave before completing high school, it recommends the legal school-leaving age, both urban and rural, be set at 16 years in all provinces, except in certain specified exemptions.

But for those who leave school before graduation, the committee recommends establishment of community institutes which would provide part-time education for those 16-18 years. It says such institutes should "provide vocational training courses as well as cultural and avocational subjects."

HOT POTATO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

figure: enough less than the previous month's rise to suggest that prices may be slowing down, but still big enough to suggest that inflation is barrelling merrily on its way.

More interesting, as a basis for a gamble, were the August wholesale price indexes.

On Aug. 3, in the week of the latest living-cost index, the wholesale figure for industrial materials stood at 293.0. By the last week of August it had fallen to 288.3. The overall monthly average for August was 290.4, down 6.6 points from July. Even more significantly because food has been responsible for most of this summer's upsurge in living costs, the farm products index dropped from 261.0 in the first week of the month to 256.9 in the last week, and the August monthly average, at 257.2, was down 11.1 points from July.

If retail prices, which lag behind wholesale prices, prove to have levelled off at Sept. 1, the Government may well be able to defend its anti-inflation policy through Parliament's fall session. If they have risen in spite of the drop in wholesale prices, then Canadians are likely to get the price controls that so many of them demand —and also, eventually, the rationing, the subsidies and all the complex control machinery which they have not been demanding.

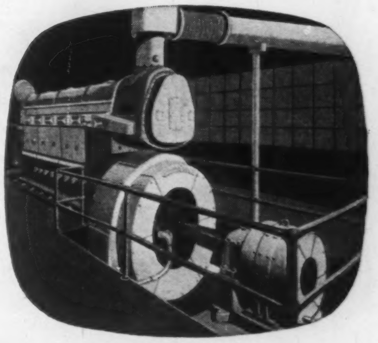
REMEMBER THIS ?

Steven Dohanos

While there are many of us who can remember the "kerosene lamp era" because of early association with the unpleasant daily cleaning chore . . .

. . . there are many more of us who cannot recall homes without electric light — due, in great part, to the early introduction and widespread installation of plants generating electricity, many of them powered by Fairbanks-Morse diesel engines. As a result, today over 3000 communities identify their unfailing, low-cost light with Fairbanks-Morse diesels and still more are being installed at an accelerated pace.

There are more municipally and privately owned and operated plants with Fairbanks-Morse diesel engines than with all other diesels combined . . . that's why, to so many, "diesel power" is Fairbanks-Morse power.



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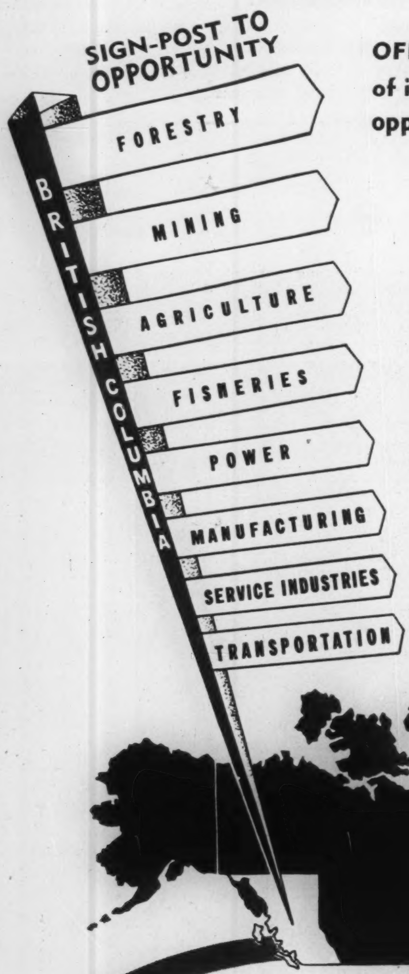

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The B. Greening Wire Company

LIMITED

Common Dividend No. 56

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at a meeting of the Directors of The B. Greening Wire Company, Limited, held in the office of the Company on August 28th, 1951, a dividend of Five Cents per share on the Common Shares of the Company was declared payable October 1st, 1951, to shareholders of record September 15th, 1951. At the same meeting a special dividend of Ten Cents per share on the Common Shares of the Company was also declared payable October 1st, 1951, to shareholders of record September 15th, 1951.

F. J. MAW,
Secretary.

Hamilton, Ontario.
September 5th, 1951.

CANADIAN BUSINESS

INDICATORS

■ Preliminary comments on the report of the Financial and Economic Board indicate that the price of freedom for Canada is going to come higher. The FEB's plan for equitable sharing of the finance burden of the West's defence program relates the burden to each country's ability to pay. It will be a more accurate measure of the relative contributions than comparisons of percentages of national income devoted to defence. It's quite obvious that if the FEB's report is made the basis of a new program of "burden-sharing", Canada's bill is going to be higher.

■ The question of raising the economic aspects of the defence program to the same level of importance as weapons and men appeared a major item at the beginning of the NATO meeting. International action on international price problems will be especially important to Canada whose economy is particularly susceptible to external influences. A measure of stability of international prices, at a reasonable level, will make the Government's anti-inflation fiscal policy more effective. At the same time, if it's found that the Government's oft-stressed confidence in this method is unjustified, it will make domestic price controls more workable.

TALK FOR OIL MEN

LAST WEEK the National Petroleum Association in the U.S. got facts and figures on Canadian oil development from a Canadian who knows them, John R. White, Executive Vice President of Imperial Oil.

■ Since 1946, land under lease and reservation for prairie oil development has increased seven times; number of geophysical parties has increased 14 times, expenditure on exploration and development has increased 18 times, and the number of oil wells completed has increased ten times. As a result of all this, oil reserves have increased 30 times, and production potential has increased ten times. Canada is now actually one-third and potentially one-half of the way to self-sufficiency in oil.

■ For Canada these are important accomplishments. The country has become a big petroleum consumer even while it was importing 90 per cent of its petroleum requirements. Between 1945 and 1950, gasoline consumption rose 69 per cent, heating oils consumption 179 per cent, and the overall use of petroleum, 78 per cent.

■ For the future, White told the pettroleum men, "We have gone far enough to be pretty sure that Western Canada will provide a great deal more oil than has so far been proven." New discoveries are increasing steadily. There were 17 in 1947; 43 in 1948; 58 in 1949; 69 in 1950; and 54 in the first seven months of 1951 — 35 per cent above the rate for 1950.

■ A relatively high percentage of the proven wells are good producers. Of the fields proven between 1947 and

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THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Dividend No. 259

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF TWENTY - FIVE CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1951 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after THURSDAY, the FIRST day of NOVEMBER next, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 29th September 1951. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

JAMES STEWART,
General Manager

Toronto, 7th September 1951

1950, 11 per cent have shown more than 50 million barrels of recoverable reserves. Of the fields proven between 1900 and 1950 in Texas, only about five per cent had more than 50 million barrels of recoverable reserves.

Comparisons can be pushed too far, White warned, and firm predictions about the future size of the Canadian oil development would be premature. "Yet, when you find that a new oil region compares well as this stage of its development with one of the world's major oil areas, it does seem reasonable to believe that it will develop reserves several times the present size."

OTTAWA VIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

ridiculous circle; they dragged their feet; they looked self-conscious. The crowd watched indifferently. The Mounties paid no attention. The Guard of Honor looked straight ahead. Nobody interfered with them.

Sometime later I suppose they folded up their banners for future use and went back home to Montreal. I can't believe they felt themselves to be heroes. But they gave the rest of us a dramatic lesson in democratic behavior.

I heard two comments. A U.K. correspondent up from Washington said: "Ah, now I know I'm in a British country." A visiting Italian said: "I couldn't believe they were Communists. Our Communists don't behave like that."

U.S. BUSINESS

IMPORTERS FIGHT CHEESE QUOTA

AN ORGANIZED protest by U.S. importers, along with the criticisms of several friendly nations, may force Congress to repeal the recently enacted curb on cheese imports. The cheese restrictions were tacked on the Defence Production Act at the last minute and foreign traders are just waking up to their full implications.

The sweeping rider to the Defence Act was slapped on without benefit of any consultation with trade officials. An alert Congressman from Minnesota had seized an opportunity to slip in the amendment which gives the Government discretionary power to set up cheese quotas until June 30, 1953.

The more liberal press has assailed the rider as thwarting every effort to adjust trade barriers and the potent National Council of American Importers is preparing an exhaustive study to give congress the real facts. The Italian-American Chamber of Commerce has bitterly charged that the amendment is an attempt to "use arbitrary protection outside recognized U.S. tariff processes". The Cheese Importers Association has demanded a hearing before the Senate Banking Committee to air their views.

Meanwhile, State Department officials are backing the move to repeal the new quota curbs and were behind the sharp criticism issued by President Truman when he signed the legislation. They fear the measure may occasion retaliatory action by Canada and other nations against U.S. farm exports that would far outweigh any benefits granted the domestic cheese lobby.

It is found that foreign cheese imports amount to less than 5 per cent of average U.S. cheese production and that they are smaller today than they were pre-war. Already Dutch exporters of hams and candy have cancelled plans for advertising campaigns in the U.S. Noting the new restrictions here on cheese and casein, the Dutch are taking no chances on possible similar quota-curbs on other products.

REVISE "DRAWBACK"

THE CUSTOMS BUREAU is planning the most significant alterations in "drawback" procedure in 50 years, Proposals have been worked out to simplify the process by which exporters secure drawbacks on previously paid duties.

The following requirements would be eliminated: Filing of a notice of intent to export; customs inspection and supervision of loading of merchandise on which drawbacks will be asked; and the filing of an export bill of lading in support of the drawback claim.

The amendments are aimed at streamlining the paper work done by drawback claimants and customs inspectors.

SILVER-MILLER
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DIVIDEND NO. 8

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of Five Cents (5c) per share has been declared for the current quarter ending October 31st, 1951, payable in Canadian Funds, Wednesday, October 31st, 1951, to shareholders of record at the close of business on Friday, October 12th, 1951.

By Order of the Board,

JOHN W. TOVELL,
President.

Toronto, Ontario,
September 6th, 1951.

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BEVAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

ing for "a land fit for heroes to live in." Down in the black valleys of his own forgotten country there was a different kind of battle to be fought and won. He did not set up as a conscientious objector: he merely ignored his mobilization notice. And his reputation as a firebrand was already so widespread that the authorities took no action against him.

When the war was over, he was sent by the Miners' Federation for a two - year course in political and economic science to the Labor College in London; on his return to Tredegar he was promptly refused work by the coal owners. For three years he knew the bitterness and frustration of unemployment. Then his election at the youthful age of 23 to the local council turned his talents into the channel of politics.

Throughout the distracted nineteen-twenties, his strident voice was to be heard addressing countless meetings in the dark, hopeless towns and villages of the mining valley. His name became more widely known for last-ditch resistance in the General Strike of 1926, and the miners gave in weeks after the other strikers only when hunger and the stern attitude of the authorities forced their hand. Two years later, Bevan won his seat on the Monmouthshire County Council, and within 12 months a triumphant by-election brought him to London for the second time—a tough quick-witted fire-eater quite capable of holding his own in a West End salon or on an East End platform.

Few who knew him questioned his ability or his conversational charm; yet though he was widely read, there were certain blind spots in his mental make-up. He could work up little enthusiasm for the troubled postwar world beyond the shores of the United Kingdom; he had seen and experienced the sum of human misery in his own grim coalfield home. And he could talk with detachment on nearly every question but that of social reform.

The squally thirties, with the Civil War in Spain, the lengthening shadows of Hitler and Mussolini, and the cataclysm of World War II added nothing permanent to his political discernment. Apparently he could not identify himself, except in the most conventional and necessary clichés of any good politician, with the democratic fight against tyranny and oppression abroad. He was obsessed with the idea of security for the underprivileged at home.

Vendetta with Churchill

As editor of the Left Wing *Tribune*, (which he carries on with his wife, Jennie Lee, MP), Bevan was notorious during World War II for his unsparing criticism of particular phases of Government policy, and he carried his vendetta to the floor of the House of Commons, nettling the Government and seldom offering anything constructive or useful. It was almost as if the conflict were a boring cosmic distraction from his real mission as a Socialist reformer, though he always made perfectly clear the strength and sincerity of his anti-Communist convictions. With Labor's overwhelming victory in 1945, he entered the Cabinet, and it seemed as though his mission stood some chance of being realized.

As founder of the new National Health Service, Bevan displayed for the first time a sound administrative talent and a capacity for subtle persuasiveness. He was not long enough at the Ministry of Labor, however, to show his paces.

It is probably true that most non-Socialists breathed a sigh of relief when "Nye" kicked over the traces. This, they felt, surely means the political eclipse of the man who once denounced them as "lower than vermin"; and the more thoughtful hoped that the departure of Bevan might mark the end of a period of friction with the United States.

But the publication in July of the pamphlet "One Way Only", proved that Bevan was quite resolved to turn his new-found freedom as a rebel to lasting account. On the assumption that Russia is not the deadly foe she is painted, he advocated that Britain's main role in the North Atlantic alliance should be one of restraining the belligerent Americans. Once again, beneath the argumentative claptrap, he was simply opposing full-scale rearmament as the biggest obstacle to a comfortable Britain where new instalments of Bevanized Socialism would automatically make everyone more comfortable.

Can He Win the Party?

Even his "World Plan" to develop the backward areas of the globe was recognizable as a plagiarized version of the Labor Party's official policy of 1950. Those who expected to find daring revolutionary notions in "One Way Only" were disappointed, and *The Economist* drily condemned it in one shrewd sentence: "Mr. Bevan's brand of reactionary orthodoxy cannot rest on anything but poverty of thought".

Yet *The Economist* was concerned with the content of his political thought, not with the aims or the possible success or failure of Bevan's political tactics. It is never easy to say how far personal ambition, sincerity of view, and sheer vanity contribute to the shaping of a politician's dreams, but there can be no question that the British Socialist Party stands in danger of being slowly transformed into an instrument of the doctrinaire values of the Bevanites.

The present split in the party might be widened—especially if an early election forces it into opposition—until the present leaders could be thrown overboard, for the rigid State planners, the materialist visionaries, and the dogmatic believers in the all-powerful Servile State. Aneurin Bevan is really his own worst enemy, because such a transfofmation is possibly the last thing on earth he has in the back of his mind. Even if he is at loggerheads with the Communists, they no doubt realize that in him they possess an unwitting ally who is preparing to fight their preliminary battles for them.

MY DAD SAYS:

"There's room at the top, Son

IF..."

"My dad wants me to 'go places' when I grow up. If I'm to hold a big job, he says, I'll need a good education. And he's found a way to make sure his plans come true".

Tommy's father is right. Success in our competitive world is increasingly dependent on the "know what" and "know how" that come from specialized training.

After consulting a Manufacturers Life representative Tommy's father took out a policy carefully tailored to fit his plans for his son's future. Now, if Tommy's father should not live to see his plans come true, a monthly cheque from the Manufacturers Life will guarantee Tommy's higher education.

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Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares

NOTICE is hereby given that the Board of Directors has declared the following dividends for the three months ending 30th September, 1951: —

4¾% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares

No. 12, $1.19 per share, payable on 1st October, 1951. The said dividend will be payable on or after said date in respect of shares specified in any share warrant on presentation of dividend coupon No. 12 at any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada in Canada.

4% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares

No. 18, $1.00 per share, payable on 1st October, 1951. The said dividend will be payable on or after said date in respect of shares specified in any share warrant on presentation of dividend coupon No. 18 at any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada in Canada.

By Order of the Board,
J. A. BRICE,
Secretary.

Vancouver, B.C.
30th August, 1951.

RUDDERLESS

A MAN died, leaving his wife and three-year-old daughter the bulk of his estate, which was a $25,000 life-insurance policy, payable to his wife. Two years later she remarried and died not long afterward. Because there was no will, one-third of her estate—which comprised the insurance money left by her first husband—went to her new husband and the balance to her daughter. After all expenses had been paid there was not enough left to keep the daughter until she was educated and able to fend for herself. This contingency could easily have been avoided for it would have been easy to protect the daughter's interests, either by settlement instructions in the life insurance policy or the will.

Your insurance money may be distributed in a manner quite contrary to your wishes and grave injustice may be done if you do not look ahead to provide for certain eventualities. For example, if your beneficiary dies before you do and you do not appoint a new one, the law may step in to say to whom the insurance money will be paid.

Or if you and your beneficiary die at the same time, complications may arise. A Winnipeg man insured his life for $15,000 and named his wife as beneficiary. He and his wife were killed instantly in the same automobile accident. The husband's only other relative was a distant cousin. His wife was survived by a mother. Both claimed the proceeds of the policy. A clause in the Uniform Life Insurance Act, in force in all provinces except Quebec, settled the case. It states, "Where the person whose life is insured and any one or more of the beneficiaries perish in the same disaster, it shall be *prima facie* presumed that the beneficiary or beneficiaries died first."

The act also states that when there is no other beneficiary designated and the insured leaves no direct descendants, the insurance money becomes part of the insured's estate. Therefore, as the wife was presumed to have died first, the insurance money went into the husband's estate. As he had no other relatives, eventually the cousin got it, along with all his other assets.

The result was different in another similar case. A man was killed outright in an automobile accident and his wife died in hospital two hours later. The man was survived by his mother, while his wife's only relative was a nephew. As the wife had outlived her husband, the insurance money became part of his wife's estate. As she left no will it went to the nephew, the last person to whom he would want to leave it. The mother had no claim under the policy. By what is termed a "common disaster" provision in his policy, the victim could have avoided such a contingency and provided for his mother.

Sometimes a man will forget to have his wife, rather than his mother, named as his beneficiary after he marries.

Now is the time to make sure your insurance money will go to the right person. *—L. D. Millar*

You mean... We're not squirrels?

"NO SQUIRREL," frowned Sammy, "would ever do what *you've* done today!"

"But all I did was buy five new moss pillows," retorted Sophie, his wife.

"Ummhmm," said Sammy. "Did we *need* to get new moss pillows?"

"No," answered Sophie, "but everybody knows there's a terrific shortage of moss — so moss pillows are getting scarcer and scarcer. Besides, the prices are bound to go higher."

"They certainly will if everybody follows your example," growled Sammy. "That sort of buying just sends prices up higher. But what worries me is — what's happening to our savings."

"Savings?" echoed Sophie. "How can we save when the cost of living is higher than a Douglas Fir? Take this tail brush, for instance. Ten years ago I could buy one for five measly beechnuts. Now they cost two horse-chestnuts. Or take . . . "

"I know, I know," cut in Sammy. "But we still need to save for the same reasons we always have. We've got to keep adding to our bank account, paying our life insurance and buying savings bonds. *Or leave town.*"

"Leave town?" gasped Sophie. "For heaven's sake *why?"*

"Because," said Sammy, "everybody thinks squirrels are savers. So if people find out we're not saving, they'll say *we're not squirrels!* We'll be exiled. Banished."

"Oh, dear!" exlaimed Sophie. "I never thought of that. I'm sorry, Sammy. From now on I'll really try to save every way I can. Oak?"

"Oak!" said Sammy.

MORAL: These days, it is vitally important for everyone to save money to help check inflation — *and* to provide for his own future needs.

NOTE TO FATHERS:

Remember — life insurance is your most important form of saving because it provides financial security for your family. So pay your premiums regularly. Add new life insurance as you need it.

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L-551SN

EXCLUSIVELY CANADIAN...

Mecca of every North American cowboy, the annual Calgary Stampede, one of the world's greatest rodeos, dramatically captures the adventurous spirit of Canada's western plains. Here, experts with lariat and branding iron—courageous riders of bucking bronco and wild steer—vie for honour and glory.

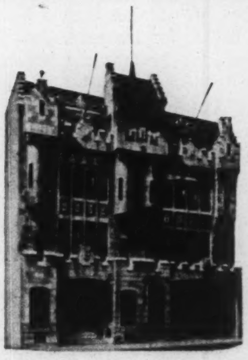
Created and signed by The House of Seagram, this advertisement, with appropriate copy for foreign lands, is appearing in magazines and newspapers printed in various languages and circulated throughout the world.

Seagram TELLS THE WORLD ABOUT Canada

THIS advertisement was designed by The House of Seagram to tell the people of other lands about Canada and things exclusively Canadian.

Many people in Latin America, Asia, Europe and other parts of the world are not fully aware of the richness of Canada's natural resources, wild life, scenic beauty and cultural traditions. The more the peoples of other lands know about our country, the greater will be their interest in Canada and in Canadian products.

The House of Seagram feels that the horizon of industry does not terminate at the boundary of its plants; it has a broader horizon, a farther view—a view dedicated to the development of Canada's stature in every land of the globe.



The House of Seagram